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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

REVIEWS.

*The Life of Alexander Pope: including Extracts from his Correspondence.* By Robert Carruthers. Second Edition. 12mo. (H. G. Bohn.)

*The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.* Edited by Robert Carruthers. 2 vols. New Edition. 12mo. (H. G. Bohn.)

MR. CARRUTHERS has done good service to Pope. His Life of the poet is by far the most full and accurate life of Pope that has yet appeared. He has turned to fair account most of the new materials which recent inquiries have brought to light, and has studied the newspapers and pamphlets of the time with a zeal and a discrimination that demand acknowledgment. But his great catch has been that he has had unrestricted access to the letters and papers of Martha and Theresa Blount—the Stella and Vanessa of the little nightingale of Twickenham. It is true that these papers—the Mapledurham MSS. as Mr. Carruthers delights to call them—had been seen before, both by Bowles and Chalmers. Neither, however, had done more than make casual and it now appears unsatisfactory extracts from them. Mr. Carruthers has studied them to good purpose, and there is reason to believe that we have now in print all that can be printed from the Mapledurham MSS. without calling a sense of shame to the cheeks of woman, for Pope lived in an outspoken age when Maids of Honour wrote letters such as Maids of Honour, it is to be hoped, do not write now.

About no other English poet, Shakespeare alone excepted, has so much curiosity been evinced of late years as about Alexander Pope. He was not only a great poet and prose writer; but he was in every relation of life and in every act, great and small, a mysterious man. The interest felt in his poetry extends to his relations. The historian of Hallamshire has, only last year, with his usual accuracy and unwearied research traced Pope's father's family into Hampshire, and this year the Town Clerk of York follows up the clue, and traces the maternal descent of the poet from "gentle" to "ignoble" blood. Whole weeks have been laboriously spent in bringing to light the home of his godmother, and of settling for ever, whether his half-sister was the daughter of his father by a former marriage, or the daughter of his mother by a former marriage. Both discoveries have been made. The poet's godmother was his own maternal aunt, the widow of Cooper the far-famed miniature-painter, and Magdalen Rackett was the daughter of the poet's father by his first wife.

Other discoveries, and those of moment, have been made and published of late years. We will mention the more remarkable instances. In the printed correspondence of Pope there is a separate class of letters addressed to a Lady. Vain guesses have been made about the name of this lady. Walpole (generally well informed about all Pope matters) imagined Martha Blount. Warton made no kind of guess. Roscoe was as usual out. Some seven years ago the late Mr. Croker communicated his discovery to a few friends that Judith Cowper, a near relation of Lord Chancellor Cowper, was the lady thus passionately addressed by the admirer of Martha and Theresa Blount.

Mr. Carruthers has since by the same process of inquiry forestalled the publication of Mr. Croker's discovery, and Mr. Carruthers, as we heard Mr. Croker say, at our last interview with him, has the prior right to the discovery with the public.

A second discovery relieves the Life and Works of Pope from a blunder which none but very careless biographers could have committed. There is a separate class of letters in the printed correspondence of Pope addressed to Edward Blount, an early and warm friend of the poet. All the editors and biographers go on blundering about this Blount. Of course they assume that he is the brother of Martha and Theresa Blount. Not a bit of it. He was no more related to Martha and Theresa—

"Fair hair'd Martha and Theresa brown"—than Mr. Carruthers of Inverness is related to Mr. Blount of Mapledurham. This discovery the late Mr. Croker communicated to several of his friends many years ago. Mr. Carruthers arrived at the same discovery by the same process of inquiry, and arrived at the same result. Though he has not the priority of discovery (a matter perhaps of little moment), Mr. Carruthers has the merit (such as it is) of priority of publication.

These, it will be admitted, are not unimportant discoveries for a biographer and editor of Pope: our only wonder is how they were not discovered before. But our biographers, nay, our editors as well, are too commonly content to accept facts without inquiry, and to believe a circumstance as truth because it has been copied by one blind follower of another blind believer. It would be easy to supply many striking examples of such a belief; but we may be content with one. There will be no rooting from our literature the touching circumstance that Philip Massinger was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's Southwark, as an outcast or stranger. He was buried, we are told (and the parish register is cited), as "a stranger"—one without a friend. But what is the fact supplied by the register itself? Massinger died in a parish in which it so happened he was not a resident; and the entry "stranger"—not "a stranger"—means that he was a non-parishioner—that he was unknown to the officers of the parish in which he died.

There is yet another recent discovery to which we may be excused for calling attention. A gentleman in London, and not unconnected with Sussex, has the good fortune to possess a bundle of letters addressed to Pope's early Roman Catholic friends, the Carylls of Sussex. At certain periods the lucky possessor "lets off" in the columns of a contemporary extracts of importance from his valuable little bundle. There can be no question of the importance to the full understanding of Pope's life of this Caryll correspondence. Mr. Carruthers admits its importance at every opportunity; indeed he seems to go out of his way to acknowledge its value.

But the lucky possessor has not the whole of the Caryll correspondence (we almost wish he had), for we have seen the originals of several letters from Pope to Caryll, which we know never did form a part, and are never likely to form a part, of this much-talked about and almost over-praised correspondence in the possession of the gentleman to whom we have referred. That there are other passages of value in this Caryll correspondence we have little doubt; and we regret, in common we believe with many

readers, that the whole of the Caryll letters are not published.

It is clear that the writer of any man's life must work greatly in the dark and to much disadvantage who has not an opportunity of seeing a correspondence like this Caryll correspondence. But how much more must he work in the dark, and to what greater disadvantage, who has not had an opportunity of seeing the letters and other new matter which the industry and good-fortune of the late Mr. Croker and of his assistant, Mr. Cunningham, have succeeded in bringing together for an edition of the works of Pope, announced we are afraid to say how many years ago?

Possessing, as we do through Mr. Croker's kindness, some knowledge of the treasures thus accumulated and unfortunately unknown to Mr. Carruthers, our readers will not, we think, be displeased with a short account of what the treasures are; such a statement even thus early seems due to gentlemen who have wrought so assiduously for the future benefit of the public. We will try and arrange these discoveries in groups, stating as briefly as possible the value of each group.

When in the year 1729 Pope first contemplated the republication of his Correspondence, he asked his friend Edward Earl of Oxford, the second founder of the Harleian Library, to be allowed to deposit copies of certain letters addressed to him and written by him in the London portion of the Harleian Library. The pleas for such a request were:—I. Theobald's recent publication of Wycherley's remains, on which he had a moral and almost a legal claim; and II. the value such letters would have hereafter in adjusting the minute events of literary history, and of throwing light on many matters not as yet clearly understood. Lord Oxford consented; copies were made of the letters in a Turkey covered volume, and the volume deposited in Lord Oxford's library in Dover Street, Piccadilly. These copies were given to Mr. Croker, and their importance lies in the circumstance that they contain many suppressed passages of the utmost significance to the right understanding of "Pope Alexander," as the great poet was often called in his own life-time.

Perhaps of still greater moment than this Harleian Library volume is a very large bundle of original letters addressed by Pope to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and his son and successor in the earldom. These to our thinking clear up the mystery of the publication of Pope's Literary Correspondence, while they show a Bude-like light on points which biographers have failed to settle and reveal—points on which, alas! they knew nothing. These letters are some one hundred and fifty in number, and all as yet unpublished.

Then there is the correspondence (unknown to Mr. Carruthers) of Pope with his fellow translator Broome—with copies of Broome's replies and letters to Broome from Fenton, Lintot, and Edmund Curll. One letter from Lintot acknowledges the truth of the description given by Pope of his journey to Oxford in company with Lintot. One letter from Curll is an application to Broome for any letters he may have from Pope. Broome (they were then friends) encloses the letter to Pope, and Pope advises (if we remember rightly) no reply.

Then there is the Arbuthnot correspondence—not only with Pope but with Swift. Very important indeed is this correspondence.

Then there is Pope's correspondence with the following persons:—

I. Lord Chancellor Harcourt—full of Tickell and Atterbury matter;

II. Lord Bathurst, with many of Bathurst's replies—"very curious," as cataloguers say;

III. Mrs. Knight (afterwards Mrs Nugent)—"humorous" but not very important.

But we are not advertising Mr. Murray's long looked for edition; we are only seeking to represent the difficulties which Mr. Carruthers has had to encounter in giving us a really far from bad book.

The English clergy have had an odd fancy for editing Pope. First we had (and we know why—a legacy) the Rev. Dr. Warburton, then we had the Rev. Dr. Warton—then we had the Rev. Canon Bowles—then we had the Rev. Alexander Dyce—then we had the Rev. George Croly—and now if rumour is not out the good work will again be performed by a clerical hand, one well known for its tact and skill.

Warburton took liberties with his author which we think unlicensed. We have heard (we shall hear what Mr. Croker says) that he actually altered the text of his author to please an early patron, and that he made "variations" to suit his present animosities. We all know to what an extent Warburton carried his hatreds, and that a new enmity was sure to be perpetuated in a note to a new edition of Pope. We have seen in Mr. Croker's hands an unmistakeable proof (in print) of his faithless editorship, and of his hatred of Mallet. Yet in many respects Warburton did good service to Pope, nor could the poet to our thinking have left his works in better hands.

Warton followed Warburton, but Joe of Winton was in his dotage when he edited the nine octavo volumes of Pope. He too, notwithstanding, rendered fair service to Pope. Yet he differed from Warburton, and in this way: whereas Warburton pilloried his enemies and oppressed the page of the poet with his own bile, Warton ran into the other extreme, buttered his friends, and still further burdened the pages of the great poet.

Then followed Bowles, who had been a Winchester boy when genial Joseph was the Busby of Wykeham's foundation. The future Canon walked, nay ran, in Warton's footsteps—made many foolish assertions—brought many new letters to light—but was no editor.

Of the Rev. Mr. Dyce—before whose Shakespeare scholarship we all bow—what can we say—that he sacrificed fame to friendship? His Aldine Pope would have been the worst edition of Pope had not the Rev. George Croly disoblged us with four volumes of Pope from Valpy's Delphin press.

There is yet an editor of whom we have hitherto said nothing. We allude to Roscoe, of Liverpool, about whom Washington Irving made so unnecessary a fuss in the first paper in his "Sketch-Book." Mr. Roscoe published his edition in 1824, in ten octavo volumes. His name carried weight, and his notes continue to carry dead weight. He did not clear up a single point; he only assisted in confusing every point he touched. And yet we have had since Mr. Roscoe's death a second edition of this book. "The Trade" has much to answer for.

It is well said by Mr. Hallam that he who waits till all knowledge on his subject is ready at his hands, is but waiting the stream

that will run for ever. It was a feeling like this no doubt that actuated Johnson, when he exclaimed (pettish from proffered corrections), that he would not hold out his hand again, should it even rain knowledge. But we are not all to be too impatient; we must wait, and we must hold out our hands. Nay, we must exert ourselves. While we are writing we are proffered the use of a copy of the "Dunciad" in Pope's handwriting as thickly interlineated as the "Iliad," aye, and of an "Essay on Man" as well. Shakespeare's contemporaries do not appear to have preserved one single letter of his writing; every scrap of Pope seems to have been preserved. There is this difference—Shakespeare was a player in the days of "good Queen Bess." Pope a poet in the days of "my Queen Anne."

While thus candidly acknowledging the good services rendered to Pope by Mr. Carruthers, we are at a loss to understand how he could have written a long, and far from the point note on the following passage in the "Dunciad":—

"Others the syren sisters warble round,  
And empty heads console with empty sound,  
No more alas! the voice of Fame they hear,  
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.  
Great C—, H—, P—, R—, K—,  
Why all your toils? your sons have learned to sing  
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!  
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool."

Mr. Carruthers makes a wide of the mark note about the initials. We make little doubt that the son of the late Lord Chief Justice Tenterden could fill up the blanks, though Lord Chief Justice Campbell could not. Five law-lords are referred to—Cowper, Harcourt, Parker, Raymond, King; all their sons were wild—wild to a degree which any reader of the letters of Walpole and Gray may have some weak conception of.

Now—turn to that charming poem—the last key-note of the Epilogue to the Satires—addressed to Lady Frances Shirley:—

But friend take heed whom you attack;  
You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)  
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,  
L— and all about your ears.

Mr. Carruthers conjectures "Lambeth." How Mr. Croker would have laughed over Mr. Carruthers' note. Guess again, Mr. Carruthers. The skill that discovered Judith Cowper would unsphere "L—" of the verses to "Fanny fair."

Mr. Carruthers is evidently interested (what Pope reader is not?) in James Moore Smythe. The following epigram (first reprinted by Mr. Carruthers,) would have been new to Mr. Croker:—

Here lies what had no birth, nor shape, nor fame;  
No gentleman! no man! no thing! no name!  
For Jamie ne'er grew James; and what they call  
Moore shrunk to Smith—and Smith's no name at all.  
Yet die thou canst not, phantom oddly fated,  
For how can nothing be annihilated?

Why did not Mr. Carruthers collect all the Pope and Grub Street Journal verses about "The phantom Moore." He has missed some of the happiest.

The following "Epigram," printed by Pope in his own duodecimo and favourite edition of his Works, should have found a place among Pope's Miscellanies in this edition:—

Friend! in your epitaphs I'm griev'd,  
So very much is said;  
One half will never be believ'd,  
The other never read.

Friend was Dr. Friend of Westminster School, who wrote the long epitaph on Prior in Westminster Abbey. And where, let us ask Mr. Carruthers, is Pope's epigram on Lady Kneller's attempted removal of the monument to Pope's father in

Twickenham church; where Pope's lines on his own bust by Rysbrack; where the suppressed verses on the great Duke of Marlborough—as noble and as bitter lines as Pope ever wrote?

Pope is no easy writer to edit satisfactorily, and Mr. Carruthers, it is easy to see, has found him a difficulty. The famous line:—

Die and endow a college or a cat,

and Pope's note "A famous Duchess of R. in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats," has led Mr. Carruthers into the error of supposing that La Belle Stuart Richmond was the duchess alluded to, whereas La Belle Stuart's will contains no such legacies. Some other "Duchess of R." must be meant, for Pope never made an allusion without a most accurate significance. Witness the line on Dennis in the Essay on Criticism, which the commentators shun:—

And stares tremendous with a threatening eye—that word "tremendous" has a tremendous meaning given to it by Gildon, and copied from Gildon. And why did Mr. Carruthers miss in common with all Pope's editors Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's comment (it is not in Dallaway's edition of her works) on Pope's line:—

And Congreve lov'd and Swift endur'd my lays.

What does Lady Mary say: "Can anything be more detestable than his abusing poor Moore, scarce cold in his grave, when it is plain he kept back his poem [the Epistle to Arbuthnot], while he lived for fear he should beat him for it? This is shocking to me, though of a man I never spoke to, and hardly knew by sight; but I am seriously concerned at the worse scandal he has heaped on Mr. Congreve, who was my friend, and whom I am obliged to justify, because I can do it on my own knowledge, and which is yet farther being witness of it, from those who were then often with me, that he was so far from loving Pope's rhyme, both that and his conversation were perpetual jokes to him, exceeding despicable in his opinion, and he has often made us laugh in talking of them, being particularly pleasant on that subject."

Still stranger is it that Mr. Carruthers should have missed Lady Mary Wortley's letters of complaint to Arbuthnot about the characteristic letters which she requests Arbuthnot to show to Pope. Why too did Mr. Carruthers neglect to affix a note to the pleasing couplet in the "Essay on Man":—

There in the rich, the honoured, famed and great,  
See the false scale of happiness complete.

And to what effect? Why, that Pope actually painted a picture illustrative of this subject, and that Warburton caused it to be engraved for an edition of the "Essay on Man" (his first essay as an editor), published in 1745.

But we are getting somewhat beyond the lawful boundary of a weekly review article. Mr. Carruthers has, we repeat, done fair service to Pope, which should be as fairly acknowledged. We may as well note that the engraver has given an engraving of Little Marble Hill for Marble Hill itself (a cottage for a mansion)—Pope's villa as altered and enlarged by Sir William Stanhope for Pope's own villa—and the portrait of Tom Warton for the portrait of his brother Joe?

We will conclude with an extract. It is from a letter (first published by Mr. Carruthers), and addressed by Mallet the poet to Pope himself:—

"In this country I became acquainted with Sir Arthur Owen, Knight and Baronet, who, by

his own  
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and arc  
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his own authority, is Admiral of the haven and Viceroy of Pembroke. He is for ever building and planting, and as he is his own gardener and architect, his performances are uncommon. Ortelton, his mansion house, is an enormous pile, built I cannot say in a false taste, for there is no shadow of any taste at all. It has a very little porch, reaching one storey high, and removed as far from the middle as possible, which is just such another beauty as the nose to a human face would be within half an inch of the left ear. The ceilings of his rooms are inverted keels of ships painted black and brown. The fortress is defended by twenty pieces of cannon, which are fired on all rejoicing days; for the knight is a passionate lover of the Court, and of a great noise. As he walked over his grounds he ever and anon turned his head to survey it from the several points of view, Heaven only can tell with what secret delight. You remember when Sancho was going to his government, how he would be looking back every moment to steal a glance at his beloved Dapple, when the grooms had made him so fine with ribbons and Brussels lace. The plantations are all detached without regularity or design. They consist of about two acres each, and are each of them strongly confined within stone walls. One part of his garden is wonderful. It is a grove of near an acre and a half; and here Sir Arthur desired me to mount my horse, as he did his, because, he said, it would take us an hour and a quarter to traverse it all, as indeed it did, for he rode two-and-thirty courses on it. You must know this grove is cut into thirty-two walks, to answer the number of points in the mariners' compass, with a tree in the centre which he calls the needle. Each of these walks may be about six feet in length, and near two in latitude. Our horses and we threaded every one of these, and this he told me was boxing the compass."

What a veritable Hawser Truncheon! This old Cheshire Baronet must have had his Hatchway and his Tom Pipes. Surely Smollett must have heard of him.

*The Confessions of a Catholic Priest.* (London: John Chapman, 1858.)

HAD the extraordinary book before us contained no more than its mere title would lead us to expect, namely, the "Confessions of a Catholic Priest" as Roman Catholic, and as Priest, we should have closed it with feelings very little short of utter disgust. As regards the religious opinions expressed throughout the work, it is far from containing any polemical argument upon the case of Protestantism *v.* Roman Catholicism, as we had expected. The religious opinions of the Catholic Priest, as far as it can be gathered that he had any at all, seemed to be based upon natural religion, as contrasted with any revealed religion whatever; and very early in the book he informs us that "the religious creed" of one of his friends was "theism" (or Deism), and with these opinions his own accord. His anti-Catholic diatribes are less directed against the Roman Catholic priesthood in particular, than against all priesthood as a *caste*—all priestcraft as prejudicial to the best interests and well-being of mankind. It is true that while exercising the office of priest in Paris, contrary, he tells us, to the dictates of his own conscience, contrary to his own sacred convictions and feelings, and simply for the remuneration which the exercise of his priestly duties afforded him, he says (p. 94), with an exaggeration which is palpable from its utter variance with the mere common principles of human nature, that though he had "heard soldiers exhaling their fury on the field of battle, or their anguish in hospitals by blasphemies," yet he had never "listened

to such blasphemies and indecent words," as he heard "from priests behind the very altar, just after saying mass." It is true he argues that from the nature of the education bestowed upon the Catholic priest, "it is not surprising if a priest who has once quitted the strait path does not shrink from any crime" (p. 101); and informs us that the position of the priests necessitates their doing all they can to "keep the people in ignorance, in order to retain power and to augment their incomes by the little gifts which superstition offers to the priest, whether he be the servant of Buddha or Jesus." It is true he points out (p. 82), what he considers in a patriotic point of view, the evil tendencies of Roman Catholicism, inasmuch as "the Catholic priests, solitary men without bonds of affection, obeying a foreign pontiff, are necessarily enemies to liberty, since everything which tends to raise and instruct the people threatens to undermine a power founded on ignorance and blind obedience." But with these and a few other exceptions, the arguments he uses are applied to attack all known and established religions whatever excepting the religion of natural feeling—every priesthood whatever, in its exercise of religious or any other instruction. He cares, he tells us, as little for Protestantism as for Catholicism, although, in order to marry a girl of fortune and position, he is ready to become a Protestant and thus shake off his early vows. His morality is of the same calibre as his religion; and his moral principles are based only on the exigencies of the moment, and assumed or discarded according as they can serve a purpose or retard a gratification. The preface of the Priest's supposed editor calls for our sympathies for the unhappy Priest as a man; for the man as a renegade priest. It is impossible for us to find any sympathy for him, after an impartial perusal of his sufferings, in either fashion. There may be found a warning moral in his history, as in that of every bad man. There may be found also, in the sketch of the Catholic Priest bound to vows he abhors and struggling with the impulses of an ardent nature—although, by the way, the specimen before us never struggles at all, but always succumbs at once to the first temptation—there may be found in this, we say, an excellent argument against the forced celibacy of the Catholic priesthood. But it is impossible to summon up the slightest sympathy with the man who, knowing his own passions, pronounces the vows to meet a family arrangement, and throughout his career appears only in the character of a vacillating, querulous, vain, susceptible, and utterly weak and despicable individual. Fortunately, or unfortunately as regards the inducements to many to peruse a work so replete with the most extravagant and dangerous opinions, there are so many pages graphically and powerfully written devoted to scenes of contemporaneous history and world-wide travel, that when the would-be natural philosopher and recreant Christian is thrown aside for the more congenial living actor in scenes of battle, revolution, or travel, our interest is most powerfully excited, and we feel that we are following the footsteps of a man who has personally witnessed these scenes, and has an intelligent pen to describe them.

In the so-called editor's preface we are told that "the reader may rest assured of the truth of every line." That there is a great deal of truth in the fact that the

writer of many of the pages was concerned in the scenes described is self-evident from their perusal; but, if we are to be led to believe that the same truth has been observed in the *ensemble* and continuity of the adventures of the one man whose memoirs these "Confessions" purport to be—if, in fact, the portion which comprises the actions of the man's private life, apart from his historical recollections, is equally to be looked upon as true to reality—we can say no more than that we are profoundly sorry for it, and that we would far more willingly believe that a romance of a very doubtful tendency has been compiled, along with truthful materials, to illustrate the frame of mind of a man who, bound by early religious vows of celibacy and abnegation, is thrown by circumstances into the vortex of worldly communion and wordly temptation—a psychological illustration which, we are bound to say, has been, if not erroneously, at least most fearfully and distressingly set forth. The writer, or compiler, or editor—according as the idea of fact or fiction is to be adopted—is evidently, as he assumes to be, an Hungarian. The scenes of Hungarian life and recent Hungarian history are too accurate, too much imbued with the true Magyar spirit, not to have been derived from authentic personal information, or the most genuine sources. Throughout, the writer shows the most intimate acquaintance with the niceties of Hungarian life and politics. The pen which traces these scenes is an able, and often an eloquent one: and, on reading the magnificent eulogium bestowed upon M. Kossuth, and his aspirations and deeds during the Hungarian revolution of 1848-9—praises seemingly adroitly tempered by judicious doubts and gentle criticism—we own the strange thought crossed us that the work, if not emanating directly from the pen of the eloquent revolutionist himself whose republican opinions it sets forth—of the religious opinions of M. Kossuth we know nothing beyond what may be gathered by implication—if not even written under his immediate dictation, at least owes much to his actual inspiration. The weakness, and vacillation of purpose so strangely combined with a certain recklessness of determination, which form some of the main characteristics of the phantom Priest, would thus find a very accountable source in the personal character of the well-known Liberal-Constitutional, then revolutionary, and finally republican political Mahomet of Hungary. But should there be any truth in this startling suspicion, which we admit to have all the vagueness of a dream, we must do M. Kossuth the justice to say that the appreciation of his great predecessor in Hungarian reform, Stephen Széchenyi, whom he himself once branded as a Court-trucking Conservative, is boldly, justly, and generously given (p. 25, &c.), and that a certain degree of praise is bestowed upon the great rival of the would-be Hungarian Dictator, General Georgey, for resolution and military ability; although he is afterwards, upon the surrender of the Hungarian army to the Russians, the motives of which surrender have ever remained not only unexplained but unaccounted for, branded as traitor to his country, "Cain" to his brethren of Hungary. Be that as it may, we may safely assert that never has a better history of the last Hungarian revolution been narrated; never have its causes, motives, mainsprings, progress, struggle, and annihilation been more clearly explained than in the few succinct pages of these

"Confessions;" we may add, never have the battle-scenes, the scenes of combat, carnage, rout, camp life, military confusion, and hurried flight, been more graphically, although simply described. Among the pages relating to these passages of the supposed Priest's life, some of the best and boldest—we had almost said noblest—are those which refer to the last scene in the political life of Stephen Széchenyi, when for the "last time he appeared in the council to uplift his prophetic voice," but "incapable of speaking was taken home," for his brain had turned from the pressure of the struggle around him, and he was mad—to the excited state of the capital during the crisis—to the rivalry of Kossuth and Georgey, by which Hungary "perished between two irresolutions,"—to the surrender of Georgey, who rode "cold and impassable" "at the head of his staff, watching the despair of so many heroes led by him to the scaffold," when "the proud and noble army stood there to lay down its arms," when "the artillerymen kissed their guns, thinking them happy to be inensurable; the cavalry embraced their horses, who answered by mournful neighings; the infantry their faithful and often-proved bayonets;" when "comrades uttered heart-breaking fire-wells," while Georgey gazed at them "with his cynical glance, and at last rode slowly away with Rudiger." A similar praise may be awarded to the animated description of Paris during the *coup d'état* of 1851 (pp. 131-2-3): and during the scenes of Parisian life interest may be found in the characters of the Abbé Gioberti (Minister in Piedmont at the beginning of 1848), and more especially of the still better known Abbé Lammenais, the author of the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," who with a stretch of logic worthy of a better cause informed the Priest, we are told, that it was by no means perjury to renounce vows that, though made in sincerity (?), ceased to bind when belief in the authority that had imposed them ceased. In fact, if we could entirely cut away from these "Confessions" the Priest, with his frenzied struggles, which are none—with his sufferings, most of which are derived from his own vain querulousness and overwrought susceptibilities—and with his religious opinions, based only upon principles of destruction, and effecting no other purpose than to "ruin, and with the ruins again build up a ruin"—we might find in the "Confessions" a work which, however little disposed we might be to accept in a congenial spirit the ultra-republican and wildly utopian political ideas with which they would still ferment, we should read with the highest interest for its animated sketches of recent historical events, and historical personages who have not yet wholly left the stage of history.

Before concluding, we feel that we owe to ourselves some justification of our appreciation of the character of the "Priest" as an ecclesiastic and as a man. We are solemnly warned by the editor in his concluding chapter that we none of us should "venture to brand the Priest," as by his own confessions he stands before us—that he "who is without sin" should alone "fling the first stone." We will, in no case, venture to fling the stone. We will not attempt to judge or condemn the man—if he ever lived—no! not even as the hero of a novel. But we have a full right to refuse him that "sympathy" which is demanded at our hearts. We do not, we cannot find any genial pity for his sufferings. We simply look upon

him as a tiresome, and (in his private life) a most uninteresting individual. We condemn only in thus much. If, as we half suspect, the book is written only to propagate certain arch-revolutionary and deistical opinions, then it has our condemnation, however ably it may be written—the more because so ably written. In self-justification we subjoin a slight summary of what we may term the romantic portion of the book.

Our "hero" is educated for the Catholic priesthood—falls in love before taking his vows—goes distracted—vows eternal and unchangeable affection, and enters the priesthood in order to keep faith with his lady love. In his functions he informs us that this love alone—not principle—keeps him from profiting by the opportunities afforded by fair penitents. He joins the revolutionary army of Hungary, battles physically with his cross, marries renegade priests upon the field of battle to peasant girls, is taken prisoner after Georgey's surrender, and escapes. He gains France (his sketches of French provincial life are capital), and finally comes to Paris. Although it goes against his conscience he still performs his priestly functions, professing at the same time an utter disbelief in the Christian faith, and leading, he avows, a life of utter dissipation in Bohemian Paris. Anon he falls in love again with a French young lady, is accepted upon condition that he becomes Protestant, and thus renounces his vows. To this intention he cannot obtain the consent of his mother, and so in despair departs for Australia. At the Cape he is recalled by his mother's consent, but will not return. He wishes to try the young lady's sincerity, forsooth! He will be loved, not for his prestige as a revolutionary hero, but for himself. After adventures in Australia, Tahiti, and California, he returns to France minus an arm, and in ill health. The young lady is still anxious to marry him; but he still calls off; he would further try her affection; and ultimately he himself breaks off the engagement. But furious at finding that the poor deserted girl has accepted another, he maligns the character of the new intended, and breaks the match. He will not marry her himself however. His miserable susceptibilities are alone in his way—not any principle. He goes to Aix, gambles, gets into debt, becomes a reckless and heartless rake, flirts with sundry pretty girls, and finally falls in love once more with a married woman. In this affair he appears as an avowed lover, but finds or suspects he has a rival, insults the lady, challenges the rival, is lured back to his married lady-love's arms, supposes himself again jilted, writes a long chapter on the "great question," "to be or not to be," and ends his miserable life with poison. Sympathise who sympathise can!

*The Scholar and the Trooper, or Oxford during the Great Rebellion.* By the Rev. W. E. Heygate, M.A. (John Henry and James Parker.)

We heard the other day of an enthusiastic country gentleman, one wing of whose manor-house consisted of an ancient castle which had figured in the wars of the Roses, and who in the heat and fury of the reproducing mania not only accurately restored the whole fabric of the old fortress inside and out, and fitted up the rooms with mediæval furniture of the period, carved expressly for the occasion, but, by way of

making his task complete, did, with the help of Mr. Planché and Madame Tussaud, as well as of some ancient family portraits, construct in the principal room a group of very life-like wax figures in all the bravery of inland armour, nodding plumes, long hanging sleeves, ermine and so forth, which accurately represented the critical moment of an historical family incident of great interest. The idea was fantastic, and at any rate made one room uninhabitable, for who would like to be gathered to his ancestors in the way of taking tea with the dummies? Nevertheless, one might safely dare to say that on the minds of the younger members of the family the incident represented would be far more deeply impressed by this *Tableau mort*, than the most stirring events of history in general by Mangnall or Neale, Hume or Lingard.

And some such we have ever conceived to be the real use of novels, or novelettes as it seems the fashion to call tales of the size of Mr. Heygate's, of the class generically styled historico-topographical. The chief charm and chief advantage of a really good history—like Macaulay's, for instance—is the reproduction of scenes and events by means of language so vivid and magical, that the reader insensibly becomes an actual spectator of and participator in them, enlisting his sympathies with the real actors in them and hoping, fearing, admiring, or detesting almost as really as they did.

The very best history, however, cannot always conjure up this sort of mental second sight; details, dry and uninteresting, must have their place; occurrences of little or no interest must have justice done them, and fall into the same ranks with those of high and thrilling romance, and the impression after all is rather that of a well arrayed and accurate picture than of a reality.

The historical romance comes in to complete what the mere history leaves unfinished, and the wide field which Sir Walter Scott first began to break up, and in which James and Harrison Ainsworth and others have laboured so hard has, especially with the revival of a taste for things mediæval, furnished a host of less pretentious workmen with ample scope for their varied labours.

Among these latter appears Mr. Heygate, and in a part of the historic field which, until we had read his very interesting little book, we had considered well nigh worked out.

For the Scholar and the Trooper are two brothers, matriculated at St. John's, Oxford, during the wild and stormy years which preceded the final overthrow and ruin of Charles the First, and the book is a series of well-drawn pictures of that city and its neighbourhood in times which were destined never to lose their interest to English minds and fancies.

Thus we stand with the Fellows at the windows of Basil Norman's (the Scholar's) rooms and watch the long cavalcade of the king's entry into Oxford on the 14th of July 1644, the strings of carriages, the Gentleman Pensioners, the heralds, Garter and the Mayor in scarlet robes, and the University bands doing policeman's duty on each side. We long for M. Soyer or some other ingenious brother of the *bonnet de coton*, whilst we listen to the President of St. John's recounting the particulars of the dinner in the new library to which the Royal party were invited on the occasion of a former visit, and when the baked meats under which the thirteen tables groaned, "were most curious, being in the form of

archbishops, bishops, doctors, masters, and the like in their proper order, wherein the king and courtiers took much content." A hint for the Lord Mayor's cook at any rate the next time his lordship entertains the Cabinet Ministers or the Judges. The group which surrounds the king as he walks in Christchurch presents several life-like portraits of celebrated men, that of the vacillating Lord Holland being the best. Indeed, all the descriptive writing most ably reproduces the actual scenes to the reader's eye.

What an Oxford must it have been then! at once the refuge for crowds of grave and learned men, who had fled thither from the sister university and elsewhere, and the resort of a gay court and a dashing soldiery. "With Christchurch as a palace, Merton as the Queen's residence, Oriel for a Downing Street, and the schools for magazines? The crimson scarves of the cavaliers outshone the scarlet gowns of the doctors; troopers swaggering up and down, paid small respect to divines; drunken shouts and songs issued from the inns; war-horses clattered along the streets; the students grew fewer and fewer;—in short, Oxford had degenerated from an university into a fortress.

This state of things is very happily illustrated by such an adventure as that of Basil Norman when he is hastily collecting a few men to start off on an expedition to succour his brother, a studious youth and unused to such exigencies; he asks advice of a fellow-collegian, and is recommended to apply to a cousin, one Boteler, who had often been in trouble in former days for disturbing the King's game at Shotover, was a good rider, and not a lane nor a path but he could travel it by day or by night." This fast young gentleman, though of the College of Exeter, Basil is recommended to seek at the "Star" or the "Mermaid," and finds him at the former drinking sack and canary with a noisy set of young-men, and just beginning a boisterous song. Boteler on the conclusion of his song falls readily into the plan, selects two of his comrades to accompany the expedition, and then sallies out with Basil to procure men. On leaving the "Star" they went through the Corn-market, past Penniless Bench, the beggar's seat by the wall of Carfax or St. Martin's, and crossing the street dived in among some lanes and what we now call "back slums" and presently turning up a court-yard, opened a door, went down a long passage, up which the sounds of merriment rang louder and louder as they approached its conclusion, and then entered a huge bar or tap-room. "Here was enacting a scene of lower life than that which Basil had witnessed at the 'Star.' Drunkenness was quarrelsome as well as noisy, or else insensible instead of heavy. A song too was being sung, but it was one to which Basil could not listen. The gentlemen revellers at the 'Star' might have seen their principles carried out to the full—might have seen themselves coarsely drawn perhaps, but faithfully, even to the life, or rather to the death of all that is pure and noble in man—of all that distinguishes a man from a beast, a Christian from a disciple of devils." We have gladly given this passage entire, as it is a good specimen of the author's style.

To such illustrations of the inner life of Oxford in those times are added similar illustrations of the most remarkable places in the neighbourhood. Culham Bridge, Boarstall, and other spots of interest are made the scenes of stirring adventures and

hair-breadth escapes; and though we are eventually carried to Naseby and treated to a very capital description of that oft-described field, yet the larger proportion of the work is devoted to the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford itself; and to any one who proposes to visit the learned old city and make himself master of its topography and that of its neighbourhood, Mr. Heygate's volume will prove a very useful and at the same time exceedingly interesting handbook.

The characters and plot are of course subservient to the main object of the book, which is to illustrate Oxford during the great rebellion—but both are nevertheless far from being devoid of interest. The Scholar and the Trooper are sons of a country vicar, who gets murdered by a Puritan rabble early in the work, and both are staunch Royalists; both love the daughter of the squire of their village, one Sir Nathaniel Domville, who, according to the usage in that case made and provided, is a Puritan, but let us add a very much better constructed Puritan than the generality of specimens of that stock article, as the man is not lost sight of in the bitter fanatic or the scheming politician. But the Scholar Basil has long since surrendered his claim on Lucy Domville to his brother Gervase (the Trooper), who is the favoured lover, and only continues his watchful love to be a sort of guardian angel to both—indeed, the affection of Basil for his brother is wrought up to an almost womanish pitch, and if it were fair to be critical on so beautiful a character, might be censured as having too much softness to be natural: but Basil is an excellent fellow, who can ride miles in aid of his brother if need be, though it does bring on that terrible pain in his side. The brothers being at Oxford during the king's visit, Gervase enlists as a trooper, and the thoughtful Scholar Basil works on at his books and attains university honours. The Puritan baronet, though he had twice sanctioned the betrothal of Gervase and Lucy, forbids all intercourse between the lovers as soon as he has finally made up his mind to join the Puritan side; but Gervase, after a consultation with a learned casuist,—none other than the well-known Dr. Sanderson—obtains a final interview to plight everlasting troth, and so on, and gets very nearly snared for his pains.

Meanwhile the Puritan baronet marries a second wife, for the purpose of disinheriting his daughter, who refuses to break troth with her Royalist lover; but the son of this political union dies early, the mother is accidentally drowned in attempting to escape from the discovery of her being married at the time she became Sir Nathaniel's wife, and Sir Nathaniel himself being treacherously shot in a night-sally, Lucy comes into the inheritance in good time to marry Gervase, who had been left for dead on Naseby field, but had turned up again after an interval of mourning which killed his brother.

The character of Basil is very beautifully worked out, allowing for the blemish already alluded to, and is the gem of the book; but those of Lucy and her father, and of Gervase, are well treated too, so is that of one Miles Prigge, an attorney's son, who brings the pettifoggery ways of a country attorney's office to an university education and results in the scamp of the book.

We venture to recommend in a future edition the reconstruction of one or two sentences, such as—"There was a want of

adaptation in her—not to the times, which is cowardice; but to the wants of the times, which is wisdom and charity," p. 76; and "The plan involved variety of scene and action, not going far from Basil, whilst Fairfax lay before Oxford; and after that placed him in an independent command, &c.," p. 210. On the whole we can safely characterise the little book before us as a clear, well-written, hearty-toned description of Oxford and its neighbourhood in the stirring times of Charles the First's later years. The religious tone is of course High Church, but that element is sparingly and very judiciously introduced, and hints are conveyed by way of implication which might well profit both the contending parties of these bitter days.

*The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi.* By J. E. Wharton Rotton, M.A., Chaplain to the Delhi Field Force. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE Chaplain is not one of those "bustling clergymen, saying warlike prayers," of whom a celebrated author has spoken as one of the features of a review, but an earnest and thoughtful minister of religion, who was deeply impressed by the stern and awful character of the scenes he had to witness, but too faithful a servant to permit his personal feelings to interfere with his sense of duty. We find him therefore fulfilling his task as valiantly as our gallant soldiery entrusted with the work of crushing the great stronghold of rebellion did theirs. And when it is recollected that all the mad excitement of warfare is refused to those who, as the physicians of body or of soul, minister to those who have to suffer and to die; and that it is not in the battle, but by the bed of suffering and of death that their experiences of war are chiefly learned, we may be permitted to accord to both classes (than whom none have laboured more nobly in the Crimea and in our three Oriental campaigns,) the credit of a heroism which is not shamed beside the more brilliant deeds of the combatants.

Mr. Rotton was acting as one of the chaplains at Meerut when the mutiny took place, and tells us that on the afternoon of Sunday, the 10th May, a female servant actually came to Mrs. Rotton, and warned her not to go to church that afternoon because there was going to be a fight. "Who will fight?" "The Sepoys."

"Of course I could not give any credence to such a statement. I had to preach in the evening, and had been in my study all day long in course of preparation. There was nothing for me now to do but to hasten to church; and, to quiet my wife's fears, I consented to both the children accompanying us in the carriage, together with this faithful servant, who was to take charge of them in the church compound, while divine service was being solemnised. This was the only precaution I felt it necessary to take, in connection with our servant's statement; as to weapons, fire-arms, or sword, or anything more effective than a walking-stick, the same I used at Cambridge, I had none; nor did I much fear that during my whole service in India, I should ever want more, either for the protection of myself or my family. I was soon convinced, however, that there was some credit due to the servant's statement. The sound of musketry, and the pillars of smoke ascending into the air, and proceeding from the burning bungalows, or houses, in the native lines of cantonment, forced upon me the conviction that mischief had already commenced. By-and-by I heard the Rifle bugles sound the alarm and assembly. The cantonment was now evidently in motion—troops

were assembling, and people congregating, the church parade dispersed, and was converted into a general assembly of troops of the three arms. Amid all this energy, there was one thing which apparently impressed every one—the delay in leading the troops from the grand parade ground to the scene of mutiny and bloodshed. The native soldiery, and the fellows of the baser sort in the bazaars, had ample time to commit the greatest outrages, in consequence of this simple fact.

"Some people affirm that the mutineers' original plan was to have marched up in a large body, and to have first seized the arms of the Rifles, who would have been in church, having their side-arms only with them; they were then to have surrounded the church, and put every soul within its walls to death. But, according to my informants, the church bells misled the rebels, and thus frustrated their plan; and if there be the least ground for this part of the account, we have another instance of the wonder-working Providence of God, who brings about and accomplishes His great works of mercy through the simplest accidents of human life. But, however much truth there may be attaching to this story, one thing is very certain, the outbreak at Meerut was premature. There was a deep-laid scheme; and a simultaneous and universal outburst of popular vengeance was intended. A day was fixed upon, in the counsels of the mutineers, for the massacre of every European and Christian person in India; some say, from Calcutta to Peshawur. That day was drawing near at hand. The mutineers of Meerut simply anticipated it. It was this act of anticipation which brought to light the hidden works of darkness, and made manifest that which would not otherwise have been revealed.

"It was utterly impossible to pass any portion of the night of Sunday the 10th of May in sleep. My wife with the children returned at a very late hour to our bungalow from the quarter-guard of H. M.'s 60th Rifles, where I had consigned them, shortly after leaving our home for church; but while the unsuspecting little ones reposed in profound security beneath the paternal roof, we continued wakeful, and watching their peaceful slumbers with painful interest. The moon was up and shining, and we sat all night beneath its pale and uncertain light, thinking of the probable fate of friends in the native lines, quite at the other extreme of the station, and anticipating what would befall our Christian brethren in Delhi on the coming morn, who, less happy than ourselves, had no faithful and friendly European battalions to shield them from the bloodthirsty rage of the Sepoys.

"It was not until sunrise on Monday that any one knew, with anything like certainty, the extent of the atrocities committed by the savages within the cantonment of Meerut. What spectacles of terror met the eye almost simultaneously with the return of the day! The lifeless and mutilated corpses of men, women, and children were here and there to be seen, some of them so frightfully disfigured and so shamefully dishonoured in death, that the very recollection of such sights chills the blood, and makes one rue the day that ever dawned upon such scenes of merciless carnage. We can even now hardly realise the past (so dreadful was the reality) as within the province of stubborn and substantial fact. It seems a dream—a thing visionary and unreal, and anything but the actual experience of Englishmen in India."

The English were not long in grappling with their treacherous foes, and the chaplain details, briefly but with spirit, the series of operations in which our brave men, weak in numbers but strong in spirit, confronted the outnumbering rebels, and routed them whenever they would wait to be routed. These exploits are tolerably familiar to most readers, and should be so to all. Let us rather select a bit of the chaplain's own experience, which unhappily he had early opportunity of acquiring.

"Poor young Napier of the 60th Rifles was also dangerously wounded during the same engagement, and lost his leg immediately upon being

brought into camp, and subsequently also his life, from the effects of the wound at Meerut. This brave officer, though young in years, was considered to be a most promising soldier. Gallantry was a conspicuous feature of his character, and the buoyancy of his youthful spirits led him to expose himself on many an occasion very nobly, though perhaps unnecessarily; but even that was a fault, if fault it may be called, in the right direction, and one which the increase of years and experience would have chastened. I am certain from what I saw of him in his moments of trial, and during a very severe medical operation, that had his life only been spared, and his wound admitted of his continuance in the service, he would have proved himself a very distinguished member of her Majesty's army. It was touching, indeed, to hear, as I heard, the laments of this soldier-boy, when he began to realise the heavy loss he had sustained, the severity of his wound, and the probable effect which that wound might have on his future military career. With tears, many and bitter tears, which only a real soldier like himself can shed, he repeatedly said, with great vehemence of manner and an equal amount of transparent sincerity, 'I shall never lead the Rifles again. I shall never lead the Rifles again.'

And a little further on we find the chaplain at a death-bed of another kind, and his account we shall extract in justification of the remark with which we commenced the notice. The incident took place in the early part of the siege of Delhi, at the time when the Adjutant-General, Colonel Chester, was killed. It is recorded by Mr. Rotton that this gallant officer, as soon as he saw the nature of the wound which had been inflicted on him, and was convinced of its being mortal, "coolly but kindly expressed his convictions to General Barnard's son, begging him to go away and care for himself, and leave him, a dying man, to his fate. He then expired."

"I was requested by an orderly to address a few words of comfort to another officer, who had been smitten down by the same shot which killed the Adjutant-General. He was mortally wounded, and his death was only a question of time. Very nearly the whole of the leg above the knee had been carried away, and the femoral artery was dreadfully shattered. A tourniquet was all that medical skill could suggest to save the patient from immediately bleeding to death; it was accordingly applied, and protracted life for some few hours. I found the patient extended on the ground. Many were ministering to him, and showing the deepest sympathy for his sufferings. Nothing could exceed the interest manifested on behalf of the sufferers by doctors, by friends, by all. But all keenly felt that every effort was unavailing to stay the fast ebbing sands of life. It was evident that he must die. Under these impressions I approached the dying soldier. I had no previous acquaintance with him, and I felt the disadvantage of this in my ministerial position; for I had his confidence to gain, before I could hope to do him the least good, or speak so freely or fully to him as the emergency of the occasion and a faithful discharge of ministerial duty imperatively demanded. Fortunately, however, he was a man of warm feelings, and a tender heart; and a little kindness soon won him. I saw the impression which had been made, when I was about to leave him for a moment. In faint and feeble tones, consequent on the excessive loss of blood sustained by his system, he called me back, and bade me not leave him. I had no intention of doing so; but some other wounded had attracted my attention, and as several persons were near, I could hold no close communion with him at the moment: I was simply deferring matters for a short time. The exigencies of the service called even his friends away, and presently he and I were left alone. Never shall I forget the anxiety of his look or the gentle pressure of his hand, or the power of those words, when he

said to me sadly and slowly, calling me by my name, 'Is there hope for a great sinner?' When I replied affirmatively, and very confidently, he objected, saying, 'But you don't know what a sinner I have been, and am at this present moment.' Then he began, with tears, to reproach himself, calling up the advantages of early education, which he said he had despised, the opportunities he had lost, the sins he had committed; and what seemed to give poignancy to his sorrow, was the bitter recollection of the fact, that his transgressions had been made against light and love, and mercy unbounded. As I witnessed this sight and listened to these words my heart was stirred within me, and I could not but weep; but my tears were not altogether tears of sorrow. Deep was the impression which his words made upon me, and that impression was, 'Here is a brand which will be plucked from the burning.'

We have extracted this paragraph in justice to the author of the work and to his profession. For, rightly or wrongly, there has long existed an impression that an army chaplain, though usually a gentleman and a good fellow, is sometimes inclined to look at religious topics with a less serious brow than his brothers in the ministry whose work lies among graver folk than officers and soldiers. The "bustling clergyman and the warlike prayer" have been felt to be all very well at a review, but those whose brethren or children are fighting our fights in the East, and are liable at any moment to be prostrated by the shot or the sunstroke, would desire that the minister whose spiritual offices are tendered to the sufferer should be neither bustling in his manner, nor warlike in his prayer, but should feel the due sense of the duty before him. We are glad to believe that, mere theological differences aside, there are hundreds of educated and kind-hearted men, serving as chaplains in our army, who are as fully alive to the considerations to which we have adverted as the worthy writer of this book before us, who, unconsciously perhaps, has performed good service to his order by depicting the scenes of their ministry and revealing the real nature of their labours. Let us also extract the terms in which, somewhat later, the English clergyman speaks of his Catholic fellow-labourer.

"Father Bertrand, a pattern Roman Catholic priest, whose services have been justly recognised—not by the Government, perhaps; for judging by its acts, the clergy, and particularly that more self-denying portion of it belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, seem to have been regarded as a necessary inconvenience; but by his own Vicar Apostolic, Dr. Persico, in terms not by any means too flattering, considering his labours in camp—was in this respect in a much worse predicament than myself. He had infinitely smaller allowances, and infinitely fewer comforts than I enjoyed, but an equal amount of labour. This excellent man—and surely I may venture thus to designate him, without risk of offence to any, except the most bigoted—lived as sparingly as a hermit, while he worked as hard as an English dray-horse. If Government should overlook this good man and his extraordinary services, his own flock never can and never will: those services and that self-denial will live in the recollections of the army as long as a single man survives to tell the tale. And for myself, despite some vital errors in creed, I cannot but hope, and I as earnestly pray, that zeal so distinguished, and labour so abundant, may find honourable mention in the audience of assembled angels and men, when warriors with their tinselled glories, and war with its terrible desolations, shall not so much as once be named."

The history of our Indian campaigns presents us with so many instances of heroic death in the discharge of duty, that the

memory is apt to fuse them all into an indiscriminate impression that there were many brave men doing brave things. A clear cut image like this is therefore worth preserving:—

"Not long after I had quitted this sphere of observation, the painful intelligence reached me that Captain Fagan was no more. Personally I knew but little of him: I had spoken to him but once in my life; but I was won by his pleasing manners, so affable was he, and so very kind. But the slight degree of my acquaintance with him was more than compensated for in a certain measure by what I heard of his military character, and the esteem which, in consequence, I conceived for him. No name in camp was ever connected more intimately and more frequently with heroism and valour than that of Robert Charles Henry Baines Fagan, and no man was more worthy of the honour paid to it. At the very instant that death snatched him rudely from the midst of his admiring brethren in arms, his praises were being rehearsed, in no doubtful or measured language, by the tongue of another spirit, of kindred tastes and sympathies with himself. Only a second before, the eye of Captain Sir Edward Campbell, Bart., of the Royal Rifles, had been attracted by the valour which Captain Fagan was then displaying, the fearlessness with which he was exposing himself, and the extraordinary coolness which he was exhibiting, under a most galling and destructive fire. Sir Edward Campbell had turned aside from this noble display of self-sacrifice, in order to give expression to his boundless admiration of such a man, under such circumstances. Hardly had he said the words in the hearing of Major E. W. S. Scott, 'How noble a sight to see Fagan—' when the noise occasioned by a fall interrupted them both—the one from hearing, and the other from speaking. They simultaneously looked for the cause of the sound. Alas! Fagan himself had fallen senseless to the earth. He was not dead but dying fast."

Finally, all the sacrifice and all the struggle was rewarded, and once more the English were masters of Delhi. The chaplain was again at his duty. It was held that a thanksgiving-service ought to be performed by the army, and it was not thought expedient, as would have been the case with the French army on a similar occasion, to search the last grand opera for triumphant music for the military bands. Our clergymen, simply regretting that they could not consult their bishop, slightly altered some of the formularies of the prayer-book, and then—

"As early as seven in the morning of Sunday the 27th, the troops which could be spared and were off duty, assembled within the 'Dewan Khas,' the council chamber of the ex-King; in obedience to Field Force Orders given over night. The building was tolerably crowded. Almost every corps had some one present to represent it; even those corps who had left Delhi as part of the moveable column; of those remaining within the city there were very many. Perhaps, it would hardly be possible to conceive anything more impressive than this assembly—a small but victorious force, assembled within the Imperial Palace of the ancient Moslem capital of Hindustan, lining the four sides of that marble hall wherein the King and his advisers had not long before been convened, plotting and determining evil against the British cause. And now that the councils of evil men had been brought to naught, and every foul purpose of theirs completely frustrated, the triumphant army—the means which God had been pleased to employ in order to bring about the glorious ends—stood devoutly in the Divine presence, (for where is not God!) ascribing unto Him praise, and saying glory and honour, power and dominion are thine. Never before did I realise so fully and so vividly the character of some of those assemblies of Israel occasionally spoken of in the Old Testament: as, for instance, when Israel commemorated the nation's deliver-

ance out of Egypt, and their safe passage through the Red Sea."

With this appropriate close to a clerical narrative, we end our extracts from a book which has value as a careful narrative by an eye-witness of one of the most stirring episodes of the Indian campaign, and interest as an earnest record by a Christian minister of some of the most touching scenes which can come under observation.

#### *Historical and Biographical Essays.* By John Forster. (Murray.)

THIS eminent journalist, who has followed the prevailing fashion of the day in republishing some of his contributions to the leading quarterlies, has one advantage over most of his contemporaries in the same practice, that he gives something new with the old. Mr. Forster produces the results of an original search into the unexplored sources of history, along with those light and rapid gleanings which serve to make up a brilliant cluster, though of familiar materials. Of the three essays in the first volume, two have not before been printed; and it is right at once to point out how far, or by what means, the writer makes good a claim to have added to the score of our historical knowledge.

The readers of the *Edinburgh* may remember some ten years ago an article on the life and writings of Sir Simonds d'Ewes, who may be considered the Father of Parliamentary Reporters, performing that duty as he did under difficulties and discouragements scarcely less than those of which Dr. Johnson had to complain. This article, which was written by Mr. John Bruce, the *Miscellanies* of Mr. Carlyle, and we believe a life of d'Ewes, which has been since published, have rendered most persons familiar with his name. Until now however few will have been aware of the importance of his labours. Sitting in the Long Parliament in the daily hearing of Pym, Hampden, Hyde, Falkland, and a constellation of the highest rank of British parliamentary worthies, Sir Simonds was one of those members who persevered in the habit of note-taking, though the practice was looked on with jealous eyes by many in the House, and was one which he occasionally had to justify by a speech. Sir Simonds of course reports himself on these occasions at very copious and unnecessary length. The substance of one of his defences was that the practice existed before he was born—"for," he adds, "I had a journal, 13th Elizabeth. For my own part I shall not communicate my journal (by which," he jesuitically adds to save his conscience, "I meant the entire copy of it), to any man living. If you will not permit us to write, we must go to sleep as some of us do, or go to plays, as others have done." In spite, therefore of jealousy and remonstrance, the reports went on, and Sir Simonds became one of the authorities of the House in those stormy days, when amidst the gathering convulsion out of doors and the preliminary throes within, adherence to precedent was the only beacon that streamed over the troubled waters. Sir Simonds' notes carry with them unmistakable proofs of being a genuine and faithful record of his impressions. He seems to have had little sympathy either with Crown or Parliament. All his energies were devoted to the gathering or citing of authorities; and the short disjointed remarks he occasionally throws in, like those of a

diary, furnish more helps to the imaginative faculty than any amount of elaborately worded reports or resolutions. But the framework in which this valuable matter is enshrined is of the most rugged and repulsive character.

The MS. of the worthy Sir Simonds (Mr. Forster has printed a fac-simile) looks at first sight as difficult to read as a cypher. It is crowded, blotted, interlined, mis-spelt, of strange and irregular character: but to use the words of Mr. Bruce—

"As we go on, the mist gradually grows less dense—rays of light dash in here and there, illuminating the palpable obscure; and in the end, after much plodding and the exercise of infinite patience, we may come to know the Long Parliament as thoroughly as if we had sat in it."

In this obscure but valuable mine Mr. Forster has laboured assiduously, and the result is that he brings in another serious bill of indictment against Clarendon and his "History." Mr. Forster is not the first, we need hardly say, who has done this. Hallam and Lord Macaulay have preceded him, not however without some imputation of political partisanship. It is to be observed, on the other hand, that what Mr. Forster brings forward is matter of evidence, not of opinion: at the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that he is without predilections. His admiration for Hampden, for Pym, and Cromwell himself, is as undisguised as his contempt for the double-dealing of Hyde, or his regrets at the mistaken chivalry of Falkland.

The following is an instance in which a judgment of Lord Macaulay upon an obscure record has been very fully confirmed by the records now first brought to light. The question was whether, as has been asserted, Hampden severed himself from his colleague Pym in the great matter of the proceedings against Lord Strafford, and voted against his attainder. The state of the case is now established to be that articles of impeachment having been found by the Commons, and being in the course of trial before the Lords; some new evidence of a most alarming and conclusive character came to light, and the question was whether this new evidence should be submitted to the Lords by way of a conference, or whether a new bill of attainder should at once be brought in against Lord Strafford. Hampden on this occasion voted with Pym against the procedure by bill of attainder, relying on the validity of the impeachment as it stood, whether the Lords would receive the new evidence or not; but this view being overruled, they again united in supporting the attainder. Hampden never for an instant relaxed in his resolution to prosecute, and never was at variance with his colleague.

The great political act of the Parliament of 1641, however, was the passing of the declaration called the Grand Remonstrance. Upon the debates preceding, pending, and at the conclusion of this measure, the MS. is very valuable; and its perusal has led Mr. Forster to a close comparison with Clarendon, and has induced him to devote much time to the exposition and illustration of the document itself. He thinks its importance has been overlooked by historians. This may be so, but it is impossible not to remember that never having received, and never having been intended to receive, the concurrence of the Lords, its rank as a State Paper does not rise above that of a deliberate manifesto or appeal on the part of the Com-

mons to the people against the acts of the Crown. With this limitation steadily kept in view, it is almost impossible to over-rate its importance.

We turn however to the more graphic portion of the narrative, and find the following history of the attempt on the life of Pym, now first related as it really happened.

"He was sitting in his usual place, on the right hand beyond the members' gallery, near the bar, on the 25th of October, when, in the midst of debate on a proposition he had submitted for allowance of 'powder and bullet' to the City Guard, a letter was brought to him. The Serjeant of the House had received it from a messenger at the door, to whom a gentleman on horseback in a grey coat had given it that morning on Fish-street-hill; with a gift of a shilling, and injunction to deliver it with great care and speed. As Pym opened the letter, something dropped out of it on the floor; but without giving heed to this he read to himself a few words, and then, holding up the paper, called out it was a scandalous libel. Hereupon it was carried up to the lately-appointed Clerk's Assistant, Mr. John Rushworth, who, in his unmoved way, read aloud its abuse of the great leader of the House, and its asseveration that if he should escape the present attempt, the writer had a dagger prepared for him. At this point, however, young Mr. Rushworth would seem to have lost his coolness, for he read the next few lines in an agitated way. They explained what had dropped from the letter. It was a rag that had covered a plague-wound, sent in the hope that infection might by such means be borne to him who opened it. 'Whereupon,' says the eye-witness, from whose report the incident is now first related as it really happened, 'the said clerk's assistant having read so far, threw down the letter into the House; and so it was spurned away out of the door.'"

The following is a sketch of the House of Commons of 1641:—

"The old House of Commons, it may be well here to remind the reader, now that a generation has grown up who never saw the narrow, ill-lighted, dingy room, in which for three centuries some of the most important business of this world was transacted, ran exactly at right angles with Westminster Hall, having a passage into it at the south-east angle. The Hall itself, in those days, shared in all the excitements of the House; and nothing of interest went on in the one, of which visible and eager indications did not present themselves in the other.

"The entire length of the room in which the members sat was something less than the breadth of Westminster Hall; and, handsome as it originally had been, with its rich architecture and decorated paintings of the thirteenth century, it had lost all trace of these under boards and whitewash immediately after the Reformation, when also a new floor above, and a new roof under the old, still more abridged its proportions. At the western end, the entrance was between rows of benches, passing the bar, and underneath a gallery into which members mounted by a ladder on the right-hand corner, near the southern window. At the eastern end, a little in advance of a large window looking on the river, stood the Speaker's chair; and again, a little in advance of that towards the middle of the floor, stood the Clerk's table, at which sat Henry Elyng, and John Rushworth his lately appointed assistant, with their faces to the mace and their backs to the Speaker. Then, on the right and left of the Speaker, in benches stretching along and springing up as in an amphitheatre on either hand, were assembled the honourable members. There they sat, puritan and courtier, the pick and choice of the gentlemen of England; with bearded faces close-cut and stern, or here and there more gaily trimmed with peak and ruff; faces for the most part worn with anxious thoughts and fears, heavy with long imprisonment; there they sat, in their steeple hats and Spanish cloaks, with swords and

bands, by birth, by wealth, by talents, the first assembly of the world. And there, presiding in his great chair, surmounted by the arms of England, sat Mr. Speaker, also hatted, cloaked, and sworded like the rest; but not always treated by them, nor in sooth always treating them, with the respect which has gathered to his office in later time."

The debate upon the motion for the passing of the Remonstrance is described minutely by Mr. Forster, after which came the still more strong discussion, which carried almost to frenzy the excitement which prevailed. The question was that an order might be entered for the present printing of the Remonstrance. Clarendon states that Hampden made this motion; that it "then" appeared that the Remonstrance was not to go up to the Lords, but was in fact an appeal to the people; whereupon he, Mr. Hyde, desired that he might enter his protestation, whereupon Mr. Geoffrey Palmer moved that he might likewise protest.

"When immediately together," says Clarendon, "many afterwards, without distinction, and in some disorder, cried out 'they did protest:' so that there was after scarce any quiet and regular debate. But the House by degrees being quieted, they all consented, about two of the clock in the morning, to adjourn till two of the clock the next afternoon."

There are considerable discrepancies in the account given by Sir S. D'Ewes. It must be noticed however that he was not an eye-witness: he had left the House previously, and relates what he has recorded on the authority of Sir C. Yelverton. It was not Hampden but a Mr. Peard who moved the printing; it was not "then" first made known that the Remonstrance was an appeal to the people—it was so understood throughout; and the following is the account of the scene that followed upon the rising to speak of Mr. Geoffrey Palmer:—

"He should not be satisfied, he said, for himself or those around him, unless a day were at once appointed for discussion of whether the right to protest did not exist in that House; and meanwhile he would move, with reference to such future discussion, that the Clerk should now enter the names of all those whose claim to protest would have to be determined. At these words the excitement broke out afresh; loud cries of 'All! All!' burst from every side where any of Hyde's party sat; and Palmer, carried beyond his first intention by the passion of the moment, cried out unexpectedly that he *did* for himself then and there protest, for himself and all the rest—'of his mind,' he afterwards declared that he meant to have added, but for the storm which suddenly arose.

"The word *All* had fallen like a lighted match upon gunpowder. It was taken up, and passed from mouth to mouth, with an exasperation bordering on frenzy; and to those who in after years recalled the scene, under that sudden glare of excitement after a sitting of fifteen hours—the worn-out weary assemblage, the ill-lighted dreary chamber, the hour sounding One after midnight, confused loud cries on every side breaking forth unexpectedly, and startling gestures of violence accompanying them—it presented itself to the memory as a very Valley of the Shadow of Death. 'All! all!' says D'Ewes, was cried from side to side; 'and some waved their hats over their heads, and others took their swords in their scabbards out of their belts, and held them by the pummels in their hands, setting the lower part on the ground; so, as if God had not prevented it, there was very great danger that mischief might have been done. All those who cried *All, all*, and did the other particulars, were of the number of those that were against the Remonstrance."

The House was calmed by the presence of mind of Mr. Hampden, and met again soon

after ten o'clock next day. The proceedings which ended in the committal of Mr. Palmer to the Tower are next minutely compared, and Clarendon's account is in many particulars found to be inaccurate.

The above lengthy extracts are given to show the nature of the criticisms upon Clarendon, which are grounded upon Sir Simonds D'Ewes's journals. Many of the corrections appear to us to be upon immaterial points, out of which no question can arise, as, for instance, whether Hampden or Mr. Peard moved the printing, or whether the House next day sat at two or ten o'clock. These may be set down to imperfect memory. The nicer question is, whether the statements of Clarendon on more essential points amount to wilful falsification of facts, or whether they are not the version which would be rendered with all sincerity by so noted a partisan as himself. Is he a dishonest or only a partial witness? In our view we confess Mr. Forster has not made out the worse of the two alternatives so clearly as perhaps he supposes he has done.

Having dwelt so long on this, the essentially new and original portion of this work, we have precluded ourselves from referring to sketches of no less interest taken at other periods of history. The description, for instance, of the three ideas of Cromwell that occur to different classes of readers, of which Hume, Guizot, and Carlyle may be taken as the types respectively, is a masterly piece of discriminative writing, proving the author's powers of dramatic conception. This is however part of a review that has already been published; and in which the author criticised, we think with undue severity, and even in some points with doubtful success, the accuracy of the translator of Guizot's *Cromwell*. Mr. Forster for instance translates "*même selon leurs meilleurs desirs*," "even according to their better desires," p. 236, where, "even according to their best wishes" is the accurate reading of the French; and accuracy rather than freedom is the point insisted on by Mr. Forster.

But this is a minor matter. The subjects of interest that start up at almost every page of the essays are too numerous to allude to. We have said nothing of the contents of the second volume, the biographical essays on Defoe, Steele, Churchill, and Foote. The circumstance of their having already appeared in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* is our only reason for not referring to them at greater length. They will be fresh in the recollection of many, and to those who wish to see the best and raciest things that are told about the above-named four—not the least interesting of our satirists and humourists—we heartily recommend this volume. The author possesses the genial quality of a biographer—that of always siding in heart and sympathy with the subject of his narrative. He raises Defoe in our estimation as a politician; he openly challenges Lord Macaulay's depreciatory estimate of Steele when placed by the side of Addison; he brings out into relief the manliness of Churchill, and all the brilliancy and amiable qualities of Foote. There is no fault to be found with the soundness of his judgments, or the spirit with which his anecdotes have been narrated. A more interesting couple of volumes than these has not yet appeared amongst this increasing and now very numerous list of republished essays.

*Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions.* By John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A. (John Russell Smith.)

MR. KENRICK'S name is familiar to the public, and he will by no means have damaged his reputation in publishing this little volume. A nucleus to the book was supplied by two papers read before the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, the Museum of that body being, numerically speaking, rich in monuments, at which it was Mr. Kenrick's desire that the members should at least look. He does not deny that the Museum Inscriptions are, with one exception, "dry and jejune." This, it seems, is too often the case with our Anglo-Roman relics generally; talk and sentiment having been found more alien to the sepulchres and cenotaphs of our remote forefathers than to those of our more immediate predecessors. But the author has gone beyond the stores of ancient Eburacum, and, quoting copiously from the pages of Fabretti, Gruter, and Orelli, has applied himself to show how close the union is between the labours of the antiquary and the history of manners, institutions, and opinions. To the task of selection he has brought a practised scholarship, a discriminating taste, and, for an enthusiastic antiquary, very little prejudice.

The following sentences show a calmness of judgment, which is indispensable to the rational treatment of a subject like the present:—

"Nowhere has mischievous ingenuity been more actively at work than in the forgery of Latin inscriptions, especially in the sixteenth century, when the revival of classical studies gave value to every relic of antiquity, and the infancy of archaeological science rendered imposture easy. . . . The greatest caution is necessary in citing an inscription, of which the alleged original no longer exists, if it be not vouched by unexceptionable authority. On the other hand, some reputations which had been tarnished by the suspicion of the forgery of ancient inscriptions, have been vindicated by Time. . . . Inscriptions have also been rejected on grounds of taste by critics, who did not sufficiently reflect, that in an age when all other style had been corrupted by affectation and bombast, the lapidary style could hardly have retained its original character of modesty, conciseness, and simplicity."

A long list of subjects is illustrated from the monumental inscriptions. Extramural interment comes early, and is treated at some length. There seems to be no doubt, though Mr. Kenrick is silent on this point, that *Ne sepelito* in the Laws of the XII Tables forbids burial of the ashes after burning, as well as humation proper, within the limits of the city. Virgil's line, however, (*Æn. iv.*, 494,) has been referred to, as suggesting that at an earlier period the deceased was often buried in his own house—

"Tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras  
Erige—"

The suspicious feeling against the heir, so widely circulated in the formula, *Hoc monumentum heredem ne sequatur*, is prominent on many a tomb: and an heir is introduced, pleading the shabby fortune left him as an extenuation of the shabby tomb built by him to his father's memory—"Si major auctoritas patrimonii mei fuisset, ampliori titulo te prosecutus fuisset, piissime pater." Here is the Roman version of "Afflictions sore":—

Ussere ardentis intus mea viscera morbi,  
Vincere quos medicæ non potuere manus.

Mr. Kenrick might have found room for a few more illustrations of the changes in the Latin language, traceable through

monumental legends. The old Arvalian Litany, beginning *Enos Lasés juvate*, did not come into his category, not being sepulchral in its nature: but it is probably far more important than any single sepulchral inscription extant, so far as language is concerned. It is said to have been certainly sung in the dawning years of Rome, though the inscription in which it is preserved belongs to the third century A.D., and was not discovered till 1777.

The epitaphs that have to do with the affections will find a more general sympathy. A young husband breathes the following most melodious prayer over his wife, snatched early away:—

Lac tibi sit Cybeles, sint et rosa grata Diones,  
Et flores grati Nymphis, et lilia certa.  
Sintque precor, merita qui nostra parent tibi dona.  
Annua, et hic manes placida tibi nocte quiescant,  
Et super in nido Marathonia cantet ædon.

The little inscription on Cornelia Anniana, who died just when her young prattle was beginning to charm her parents' ears, is pathetic beyond anything we could ever hope to attain in an equal number of English words: it is to be found in Hensen's continuation of Orelli—"Filiae dulcissimæ, jam garrulæ, bimulæ nondum." As regards the testimony which the monuments bear to conjugal felicity among the Romans, it will be enough to state that, in Mr. Kenrick's opinion, they give the lie to Metellus Numidicus, the Censor. His famous speech, when exhorting the Romans to marriage, is thus translated from Gellius. "If, O Quirites, we could do without wives, we should all like to be free from the annoyance. But since nature has so arranged things that we can neither live comfortably with them, nor at all without them, we should put up with a temporary inconvenience, for the sake of a permanent benefit."

Mr. Kenrick is anxious to put a modified meaning upon Juvenal's words, when he says:—

"Esse aliquid Manes, et subterranea regnât—  
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur."

This is strange, when the lines are backed by two such "stock" passages as Persius, v., 151:—

"— nostrum est  
Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies."

and Horace, *Od. i.*, 4—

"Vite summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,  
Jam te premet nox, fabulaque Manes."

The most absolute negation of belief in a living future was perfectly consistent with the grovelling worship paid by Roman sceptics to the "unmeaning faces and half-bestial forms of Egyptian deities." It is odd that we should find the author, only a page or two later, endeavouring to divest a very beautiful epitaph of such religious confidence as it may fairly lay claim to, by hinting that poetical imagery may have more to do with the matter than religious faith. The case in question is that of a mother consoling herself for the loss of her daughter, who was hardly five years old. She soothes her wound with this thought:—

Sola tamen tanti restant solatia luctus  
Quod tales animæ protinus astra petunt.

To say that religious faith had nothing to do with a sentiment like this, is either to deny a religious basis to five-sixths of our modern epitaphs, or to beg the whole question at issue.

The danger in pursuing any special subject with ardour is, of course, to overrate its relative value. Nowhere can there be found a stronger temptation to commit this mistake, than in the study of some special

branch of the vast subject which we call Antiquities. For a true insight into the history of every nation depends upon an extended knowledge and a clear understanding of its antiquities as a whole, and hence the intrinsic importance of the whole may easily betray the particular student into exaggerated notions of a single section. It is too much to say that Mr. Kenrick has stumbled upon this fault, but he has a perceptible tendency towards it. With all their thrilling interest, Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions do little more than corroborate and bring out points at which we have previously arrived, or nearly arrived, by the study of the classical authors. Let any one who doubts this compare much of Mr. Kenrick's book with the admirable *Excursus on The Interment of the Dead* in Becker's *Gallus*.

The "Inscriptions" are brought to a close by a most useful summary of authors, indispensable to the monumental student, and by a very curious account of Burial Clubs among the Romans, obtained from a monument found at Lanuvium.

*History of Alexander the First, Emperor of Russia.* By Ivan Golovin. (London: Newby.)

THE biographies of kings can after all be only made permanently interesting from the same causes as those of private people. If the one remarkable feature in a man's career is that he wore a crown, our curiosity, if we feel any, terminates with his death; and if his celebrity depend so entirely on the magnitude of the transactions in which he was engaged as to be eclipsed in proportion by the attractiveness of more recent events, it will, of course, attract us only while these transactions retain their hold upon our minds. There are other reasons, no doubt, which may make a work of this kind more interesting as a book, if not as a biography, than the records of more humble individuals. We are naturally brought into contact with a variety of famous people, and gratified by glimpses into the private life of the world's greatest actors. But in this case the biography of the sovereign is turned into memoirs of his court or of his age, and obtains various elements of interest peculiar to that species of literature. Now, not only was Alexander the First not in any sense of the word a hero, but the mighty events in which he participated, though destined perhaps to live through all ages with the siege of Troy or the Crusades, are already superseded by affairs of more immediate human interest—while of the great people with whom he came in contact the world already knows nearly as much as it is perhaps possible to tell. We would not go so far as to deny that by a judicious use of each of these three ingredients—the man himself, his actions, and his contemporaries—an entertaining and possibly valuable work might have been prepared. To do so, however, would have demanded great literary skill—minute acquaintance with the characters of the period—a power of vivid description—and some large and comprehensive ideas of politics. There can be no doubt that Alexander the First contributed perhaps more than any other living man after the Duke of Wellington to mould the first quarter of the present century. That he did so is due to the accident of his position rather than to any intrinsic merit of his own. But still, as the central figure of a great historic tableau, a good deal was to

be made of him. In mentioning the qualities which would in our opinion be necessary to the successful prosecution of such a task, we have perhaps made the most charitable excuse for the author whose work is now before us. It is difficult, however, to characterise M. Golovin's volume except by negations. It has neither length, breadth, nor thickness. It is neither biography, history, nor gossip. It is not well written, and it is not well arranged. His facts are indistinctly brought out, and his sentiments are often so expressed as to leave us in doubt whether his want of sense or his want of English is at the bottom of the platitudes they convey.

To the coronation of the Emperor Alexander M. Golovin devotes an entire chapter: to the emancipation of the serfs a single page. The naval warfare with England in 1809, though so highly creditable to Russia and remarkable in itself, is disposed of in three lines, while the story of the hostilities with Sweden is unnecessarily spun out. Of Alexander's supposed complicity with his father's murderers we learn nothing new from M. Golovin. The Emperor's private life is left blank; and there is nothing in the style or the narrative to compensate for these deficiencies.

"The peace of Europe," says M. Golovin, "having been restored by the Treaty of Amiens, on the 24th of March, 1801, in which England, in the person of Lord Cornwallis, recognised all the territorial acquisitions of France, and the young Czar of Russia addressed a circular note on eternal peace; a pious wish, but a utopian one."

Again—

"The young Czar, who is said to have been possessed of no ordinary measure of dissimulation and cunning, which are the equivocations of diplomacy."

The whole volume is interspersed with reflections of this nature; but the singular English in which M. Golovin indulges leaves us room to hope that we may occasionally have failed to catch his meaning.

M. Golovin is not always correct in his facts. In the following paragraph—

"With his hat drawn over his forehead, and a cane in his hand, like Frederic the Great, with his cheeks puffing and blowing, Paul was an object of ridicule to men, and of fear to women. Ladies who did not get out of their carriages when meeting him, and prostrate themselves, as the Egyptians do before their Pasha, were shaved and sent to convents."

He must, we fancy, have been thinking of Frederic the Great's father. At all events, if the only point of resemblance was the habit of carrying a cane, it seems somewhat unnecessary to have alluded to it. Again at p. 117, he confounds Lord John Russell with the author of the "Modern Europe." The work has been continued by a variety of writers, but never we believe by Lord John, and certainly not in the part to which M. Golovin alludes, which was written by Dr. Coote.

Before concluding our notice, we subjoin one or two anecdotes which, as far as we know, are new:

"One of the officers of his guard was mimicking him (the Emperor Paul) in the palace, for the entertainment of his comrades, when the door opened, and the Czar entered. The officers were about to stop the performer, but his Majesty made them a sign not to do so, and advancing unperceived by the young man, he crossed his arms before him, and ordered him to go on. The officer, with perfect self-command, continued,

saying, 'Lieutenant, you deserve to be degraded, but being clemency itself, I not only pardon you, but promote you to a captaincy.' This was said in the Czar's way, who then exclaimed, 'Be it so,' and walked away."

"Alexander now became an admirer of Napoleon. One day the Grand Duke Nicholas, a mere boy at the time, taking his gun, acted the sentinel at the door of his brother.

"What are you doing there, my dear boy?" said the Czar.

"I am guarding the greatest man of our age."

"But the greatest man is not in Russia."

"Where then?"

"In France."

"What is his name?"

"Napoleon."

The Emperor Alexander is only known to this country as one of that famous brotherhood of sovereigns who shoulder to shoulder delivered Europe from the heaviest incubus that had lain on her since the days of Charles the Fifth. He is associated in the minds of Englishmen with a period of unrivalled national glory. Behind this mask of splendour it is very possible that many weaknesses and many vices may have flourished. But we fancy the world, at least the English world, is not very careful to hear about them. Men judge even private individuals, whom they do not intimately know, in the broadest manner. They have no leisure to do more than note certain prominent effects. How much more then is it true of kings, and statesmen, and generals whose names are commonly associated with the failure or success of particular schemes of war or policy, which colour their characters for ever. The truth is that in this latter case we are generally pretty sure that we have the facts before us. But the moment we come to the imputation of motives, or in any way recede from those salient features which are the landmarks of a public career, we are involved in difficulties. It is no easy thing for an Englishman sitting in his chair in the middle of the nineteenth century, to form a correct opinion on the moral character of a Russian Czar more than fifty years ago. The consequences of his public policy we can comprehend; and certainly wherever the character we have deduced from this seems inconsistent with details of his private life, the former is sure to be triumphant in the end. We see no reason therefore to blame M. Golovin, for giving us an unduly favourable portrait of the Emperor Alexander. Be it right or wrong, it is the one in which the English people, as a whole, have resolved to believe. And it is rare that popular judgments which have stood the test of half a century are in the main incorrect.

*Remains of a very ancient Recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, hitherto unknown in Europe.* Discovered, edited, and translated by William Cureton, D.D., Rector of St. Margaret's, and Canon of Westminster.

THE part which England has of late years taken in extending the knowledge of antique literature and civilisation among men is one at once distinguished in itself and singularly characteristic of the nation. It is the part of a practical, as opposed to that of a speculative people. All the great revolutions which have of late overthrown the beliefs of centuries have been effected abroad. The ideas of Niebuhr and of Müller would assuredly never have germinated in English brains.

All we have done, or seem able to do, is to adopt, to illustrate, to correct, sometimes perhaps to refute the views of others, but never to originate anything of our own. Such is our weakness in the realm of abstract thought. But give us something material that may be seen and felt, and the weakling becomes a Titan in an instant. Is it a ruin? he will explore it: an inscription? he will decipher it: a statue? he will carry it away. The history of Nineveh is a problem for three hundred years, and no solution seems possible till an Englishman arises, and brings Nineveh to London. Had legendary uncritical histories of Assyria and India been extant, Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. Prinsep would probably have gone on believing them to the day of their deaths, or until Germany should have taught them better. Luckily there are no histories at all, but only the materials of history in the shape of inscriptions on tangible bricks and tangible coins; the inquirer is not asked to frame an ingenious theory respecting these, but simply to tell us what they mean; and the practical question speedily receives a practical answer. German research is metaphysical, English mathematical; in the one we admire the beauty of the process, in the other we rely on the soundness of the conclusions. But, as there is no gift without a drawback, this infallibility frequently goes but a very little way, and leaves us in ignorance of what we most desired to know. Where every fact can be ascertained, there is no need of theory, but where the utmost exactness of research only supplies us with a few dislocated circumstances, it is clear that we can only render these useful by ascertaining their connection with each other, and that this result can only be reached by a boldness of hypothesis, excluding that mathematical character which we have described as the *differentia* of English thought.

Mr. Cureton's book is well calculated to illustrate these remarks. It is one for which England has done all she can. English enterprise personified in Archdeacon Tatham dragged the mouldering Syriac MS. from the (literal) Egyptian darkness in which it had been lying for fourteen hundred years. English skill remounted it and rebound it. English acumen discovered missing fragments, eliminated irrelevant matter, restored it as nearly as possible to its pristine condition, and made it fully evident what manner of thing it was, and how precious. Finally, English learning has sent it forth in a handsome dress, done learning's best in the way of equipping it with notes and prolegomena, marked every variety of reading, and in a word omitted nothing that can tend to the elucidation of every plain matter of fact that does not need to be confirmed by theory. But when the question arises what we are to do with our facts now that we have got them, England is glad to invoke the aid of theory and Germany:—

"In the course of this examination," says Mr. Cureton, "several curious and important questions relative to the text arose. These I purposed to discuss according to my ability, and to insert them in the notes at the places where they would occur. This latter part of my undertaking, although considerably advanced, I have thought it better to defer for the present, to wait till I shall have had opportunity of considering these subjects more fully myself, and also have had the benefit of the critical opinion of other scholars, especially those of Germany, who doubtless will examine these fragments fully and accurately,

and, as I have reason to know, have long been looking forward for their publication."

We cannot say how much we admire this modesty and reticence on the part of one so well entitled to an opinion of his own as Mr. Cureton. He may be assured that his judgment, when it does come, will not command less weight from its following instead of anticipating Bunsen and Baur.

Coming now to the examination of the MS. itself, we find it to contain the greater part, or nearly twenty-one chapters, of Matthew, four verses only of Mark, thirteen entire chapters of Luke, and three of John, with fragments of several others. But—and herein consists the chief importance of the discovery—the text of Matthew given in this version comes, in Mr. Cureton's opinion, with much greater authority than those of the three other Gospels. These last are, of course, translated from the Greek, and the variety of reading they present is usually due to the translator mistaking the reading of his original. Hence, though the version is most interesting and venerable, and certainly older than the Peshito, with which the MS. has been as far as possible brought into harmony by numerous corrections *secunda manu*, it still cannot be used in the correction of the Greek original farther than as it may afford confirmation to changes in the text already suggested on conjecture, or the authority of good MSS. With the first Gospel Mr. Cureton thinks the case is entirely different. The numerous differences between the Syriac and the received text are owing in his opinion not to a Syriac translator's ignorance of a Greek, but to a Greek translator's ignorance of a Syriac original. In other words, the version now published is a very close approximation to the original Matthew, of which we have hitherto only a Greek version. We need not inform our readers that tradition has invariably represented Matthew's Gospel as originally composed in Hebrew or Aramaic, and although we may not place much stress upon this, since when sifted it is found to rest mainly upon the testimony of Papias, of whom Eusebius would lead us to entertain a mean opinion, it is impossible to refuse great weight to the argument that a gospel evidently addressed to Hebrews is much more likely to have been composed in their vernacular than in that of another nation. At the same time we cannot ignore the opinion of scholars like Hug, that the internal evidence derived from a critical examination of the Gospel is unfavourable to the hypothesis of its non-Hellenic origin. Be the truth what it may, it seems now on the point of being ascertained, and supposing Mr. Cureton in the right, it is difficult to over-estimate the importance of his discovery.

It does not appear that doctrinal points are likely to receive much elucidation from this version. Most of the variations, warranted or not, are rather verbal than substantial; in some parts, we trace the hand of a tamperer anxious to illustrate his text, or remove a difficulty, but his emendations are usually innocent enough. Nor shall we be helped to the solution of the grand problem—the date of the Gospels. The MS. is ancient, the translation it contains much more so, but there is nothing to show whether or no the latter was made before the earliest period at which the Gospels can be proved to have existed in their present form.

*The Reigning Beauty.* By Lady Chatterton, author of "Life and its Realities," &c. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE supposed teller of this tale was herself a novelist and a successful one, too; and she has much to say about the joys and sorrows of authorship and the misunderstandings of reviewers. There is one passage in the second volume, where a secular brother encourages with sacred advice a lady afflicted with the prevailing malady, which we cheerfully indorse for the benefit of the novel-writing public:

"Write according to your vein," he said, "and follow the bent of your feelings and fancies; but don't struggle after wit, or try to imitate the sharp sayings of such men as D—and B—. You have deep feeling and eloquence, when the subject suits the peculiar bent of your mind. Therefore, only write what is congenial, or that comes easy to you; (but I can never express myself)," added Adolphe. "Then you will be original and agreeable as you sometimes are in conversation, when you are not in company. Remember the ballad of Auld Robin Grey; perhaps few compositions have ever been so successful, or obtained such a wide and lasting popularity; but if the author of that song had endeavoured to compose a brilliant satire or funny story, she might have been quite unsuccessful. Discover therefore where the vein of your genius lies; follow the perhaps narrow streak of ore, and do not dig up the mud that may lay on either side. You have a good deal of natural grace, and can construct an interesting story. Your power of expression is sufficiently great to carry on the reader's attention pleasantly to the end; but you will never write brilliant passages or describe very stirring scenes."

"I shall make but a dull book then," said I, somewhat discouraged, "a monotonous production that is neither good nor bad."

"No, no, you mistake; you will excite a pleasant interest, make the reader feel happy and comfortable while engaged in the perusal of your book, and be sorry to reach the end. I trust, too, he will leave it in a better, a more harmonious state of mind than when he began, and consequently more fitted for Heaven. If this result can be attained by your fiction, it will be new, and therefore original."

We trust we shall not unconsciously be doing Lady Chatterton an injustice, if we permit ourselves to say that she has in these few words of excellent counsel, passed judgment upon her own and many other similar productions. Whether indeed the pleased but not astonished reader of the three volumes now before us will be more fitted for Heaven when he has reached his last page, we have not the courage to decide; but that it will do nobody any harm to read them, and that they will be successful in whiling away an hour or two by the seaside pleasantly enough, we can have no hesitation in believing.

One way of reviewing novels is to begin by disclosing the plot, but we have always considered this a somewhat inconsiderate proceeding. When the story is all plot, it is almost an act of violence to expose it; when the plot is but of secondary interest, and the author's strength lies in character and dialogue, the less said of the construction the better. "The Reigning Beauty," so far as plot and construction are concerned, reminds us of one of those real Adelphi Dramas, which we hope have not gone out of the world with the little theatre in the Strand, in which real horses and carts are now performing so successfully. We find ourselves distributing the parts to the company, and we pause with regret at the discovery that neither Mr. Paul Bedford nor Mr. Wright is provided for. The high-

born lady who nourishes for years a secret remorse, (without the satisfaction of having done anything to deserve it), the supposititious child, the mysterious man, the will in the secret chest, which turns up just in time to marry everybody off and make everybody happy; all these people and circumstances are pleasantly familiar to our recollections, and we hail their appearance in the novel as we have often hailed their appearance on the stage. But we must not allow our readers to suppose that in the novel there is nothing more than the old Adelphi business and wardrobe. If Mr. Paul Bedford and Mr. Wright are unprovided for, there are a bunch of ladies and a gentleman or two who are not to be met with on the stage, and yet who, as we meet with them in the novel, appear to us more like living men and women than the melodramatic personages who carry on the plot. There is a Lady Anastasia, an incorrigible coquette, who, after breaking half-a-dozen men's hearts by her insolent cruelty, smashes her aquiline nose at the Foot of the Devil's Dyke—the victim of a runaway horse! There is her sweet sister Isabel, a true-hearted lovable girl whose only fault is, that she writes "Diaries;" not however à la Robinson. There is a Doctor Jeffrey, who seems to be sketched after an original well known at Leamington; there is a French artist and *émigré*, by name Adolphe de St. Lever, who combines high art, and pictures that sell, with aristocratic deportment and uncommon superiority of nature; there is the excellent Nelly Muggins, who writes books and has warm feelings and high principles, and there is the dark, captivating, ill-regulated, mysterious being who enjoys the hearty Irish name of Fitzpatrick, and who is a capital fellow after all. There is a certain defect of coherence and continuity in the machinery which keeps all these heroes and heroines revolving round each other, but there is no lack of fluent and sometimes flowery discourse on nothing in particular, and just enough of sentiment to breathe in comfortably. We are tempted to extract one more passage, describing a very common and very painful difficulty in heart-affairs with singular fidelity and *finesse*. Two young ladies are in love with one and the same gentleman:—

"I often think of the hard lot of women," added he, "and now it seems to me that both you and Miss Isabel Severn are suffering from a common misfortune, a trial peculiar to our artificial state of society."

"Mr. Fitzpatrick comes, and as he perhaps thinks right, he makes himself extremely agreeable to you both. He probably keenly enjoys the society of two refined women, perhaps all the more from his usual associates being less cultivated or attractive."

"His better feelings are developed by you both, he cannot help showing the best of himself, and in gratitude for the satisfaction you give to his *amour propre*, his wish to please, and consequent fascination is redoubled, particularly if he be naturally shy as you described."

"He leaves you with a lasting impression of his agreeability and charm. You return to your occupations when he is gone, but the thought of all he said and looked dwells with you, through all you do. It is interwoven in all you read and think!"

"With him, alas! it is—it must be far otherwise. Temptations and distractions beset his path at every moment. His friends at the club extol this or that reigning beauty. If he goes into society, he sees fifty other young ladies perhaps as charming as you and Miss Isabel. If he goes to the theatres, all the fascinations of sight and sound distract his mind. Alas, you fight with such

unequal weapons, my poor Nelly. You of course as governess are in the worse position, but even Miss Isabel, as she is not yet out, is equally to be pitied. You two are always in the same house, the same rooms, where every chair, every common object is associated with his image."

"That is all very true," said I, "and yet I have often observed that men are more constant than women, when once their affections are gained."

"Few women will admit that," said Adolphe, laughing, "nevertheless, I believe it is the case. Yet it is not exactly because they are of more constant nature, but because they are less dependent on affection or love. They can do without it better. If a woman have lost the object of her best affection in this world, she unconsciously perhaps wishes to replace the void by clinging to some new love, or setting up another idol to worship."

"The Reigning Beauty" will be often called for at the circulating libraries this summer; and judged by a circulating library standard it deserves to be recommended.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Handbook of the British Flora.* By GEORGE BENTHAM, F. L. S. (Lovell Reeve.) This handsome, and, which is of more consequence, this well arranged and therefore easily consulted volume, is a kind of peerage, in which "Nature's nobility" is ticketed and classified in such a way that the least experienced devotee of the aristocracy here described runs no risk of making a mistake in his homage. Among the noble families, long since planted on British soil, and whose characteristics and ramifications are here set out, are the Ranunculus family, the Crucifer family, the Rose family, the Borage family, the Labiate family, the Lily family, the Sedge family, the Fern family, and the Grass family, with a score more of distinguished, and, thanks to Mr. Bentham, readily distinguished tribes, whom not to know is oneself to be a cockney. The book is a complete guide to the only "tuft"-hunting, of which no one need be ashamed. In other words, it is intended to enable persons who have no knowledge of botany to name the Wild Flowers they may gather in the country rambles of which all are now thinking, and which the wiser among us, despising the fag end of a season, and the attractions of pallid partners, are already enjoying. It is a descriptive enumeration of all the plants wild in the British Isles, and, being extremely well got up, with a thoughtful variety of type for the pleasant guidance of the eye, and being appositely garmented in green, may be strongly recommended as a companion to everybody who intends to wander in the pleasant fields, in the green lanes, and by the rippling rivers of England during the coming recess. Its faithful students, who shall have worked it well in the open air, will come home having gained much health, enjoyed much pleasure—and learned some Latin.

*Our Home Islands: their Productive Industry.* By the Rev. THOMAS MILNER, M.A. (The Religious Tract Society.) We notice this good little book with additional pleasure, because it is entirely free from any of the objections which it would not be difficult to raise to divers of the publications of the Society which issues it. Chiefly it is clear of the offence which we have noticed in many of the well-intended but ill-executed tracts of the Society, that of being framed on the principle of preaching at people, and treating a subject as if it were entirely disposed of by an unexplained text of Scripture, which on analysis may probably be found to bear in a very limited degree on the matter in hand. This is a useful little history of our husbandry, fisheries, mines, and manufactures, with much additional miscellaneous information, which will be very acceptable to the young, and which, if the haughty adult will slyly glance over, he may be able to talk more wisely than a good many of his contemporaries.

*Memoirs of the Reverend Samuel Marsden.* By the Rev. J. B. MARSDEN, M.A. This

book is also issued by the Tract Society, and is the life of a missionary who did his duty faithfully, and died in harness at a venerable age. Mason Good bore testimony to his admirable character in early life. Among his friends were Wilberforce, Daniel Wilson, and Josiah Pratt, and Australian Mission is the chronicle of his labour. To the large class who hold the Christian missionary's task in the highest honour, we have said enough to secure their interest in the volume.

*Guide for Travellers in Egypt, and adjacent Countries.* (Triibner.) Translated from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch, by Mr. Wrangmore, this square and compact volume may as well be taken by the traveller who is going to "do" Egypt. It is marked by the curious Germanic struggle for extreme precision upon all points. If the doctor is anxious that you should perfectly understand ideographic from phonetic hieroglyphics, he is as careful to let you know that you must not put your boots on the sofa of the cabin, and that you should wash your forehead and eyes from perspiration on leaving that close apartment. You ought to know Typhon from Osiris, but you ought also to know that a new Mahmoodie is fifty piasters thirty-three paras, and so you will know it and a great deal more, if you attend to Dr. Busch. We can vouch for the accuracy of much that he details, and beg specially and thankfully to endorse his recommendation of the Peninsular and Oriental hotel in Alexandria, and of the kindhearted and attentive German, Mr. Zech, who keeps it, and keeps it in such order. The maps, plans, tables, and other illustrations make the work very complete.

*All About It.* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) The knowledge of common things is herein imparted in catechismal form, and people who are troubled with inquisitive children will do well to buy the book. Why does a lucifer-match light when rubbed? Where does cream-cheese come from? How do they make paper? What is the earth's crust? What is velvet? Who is your batter, and how does he make hats?—These, and some hundreds of similar inquiries may be disposed of by the possessors of this book without employment of the tyrannic formula of "do hold your tongue, child."

*Salmon Casts and Stray Shots.* (Blackwood.) The second title describes these as fly-leaves from the note-book of a writer who will always be welcome, not only to the sportsman, but to the lover of out-of-door nature. The author is Mr. John Colquhoun, who wrote "The Moor and the Loch." The "fly-leaves" tell us of salmon angling until the narratives of catching fish assume the interest and proportions of adventures, and when the fish is brought home the flushed reader grins in triumph, and looks at his own hands to see whether no scales are sticking to them. Then we have capital sketches of Highland scenery, chiefly as a background to the piscatorial drama, but very clear and effective, and in the second part, which is devoted to the Sound of Mull, and to deer, birds, and seals, we have still greater variety and equally delightful reading. It is just the book to go into the strap for the railway, or into the pocket when you stroll to your lounging-place by sea or tree.

*The Boy's Book of Industrial Information.* (Ward and Lock.) We have hinted above how parents may become cunning of fence, but if the rising generation will master this book, with its clear information and assisting drawings and plans, the youthful part of families may not only abstain from catechising their elders, but may instruct the latter in the most aggravating manner. The grandmotherly remonstrance against teaching that relative what weasels and grandmothers are supposed to know, was invented before books like this put boys up to the philosophy of suction of any kind, from that of the historical egg to that of the steam pump that empties a lake.

*The People in Church.* By JOSIAH PITTMAN. (Bell & Daldy.) The excellent Kapelmeister and organist of Lincoln's Inn has written an elaborately earnest protest against the position at present occupied by the People in church, in

reference to psalmody and the rest of the musical part of the service. He evidently feels deeply upon the injury done to the majestic Liturgy of the Church of England, and to the worshippers in her temples, by the present system which excludes the laity from large and regular participation in the service. The country practice (also observed in some of the deserted City churches, memorials of Anne and Piety) in which the Psalms, Doxologies, and Alleluia are shared between the clergyman and an illiterate clerk, is of course intolerable; but Mr. Pittman is ill inclined to accept, as a substitute for church music, performances by opera singers at the Foundling, or chorister boys in Puseydom. He contends that the Prayer-book is scarcely named correctly, having comparatively little prayer in it, and being full of what is designed for musical treatment; and he urges with affectionate zeal that great part of the service was meant to be sung by the congregation, that their instincts are to take part in it, and that every facility is afforded by the Liturgy for the cultivation of the voices of the people. He is dissatisfied with their being an audience, and would have them recognised and zealous actors. These views he enforces in a temperately-written but earnest book, in which the experiences of a practical musician are combined with the pleadings of a true churchman.

*Memoirs and Letters of the late Thomas Seddon, Artist.* By his Brother. (Nisbet.) A deeply interesting but melancholy memorial of a noble-hearted young painter who had singularly distinguished himself, and for whom, in the belief of all who knew his works, a brilliant career was set out. *Dis aliter visum*, and on his second pilgrimage to the East, conscientiously bent upon anew studying the scenes in depicting which he had shown that his strength lay, he was prostrated by disease, and died at Cairo in November 1856. The story of his life is very touching. He was a high-minded gentleman, and his nature was marked alike by purity and kindness. It is affecting to read how on his first journey he took up his station in the desert by the bedside of an Englishman, a stranger to him, but one whom he would not leave in his last illness, and how he watched and tended the dying man, and received his parting breath; and then to read onward, through a brief record of success, happy marriage, hope, and enterprise, until we find Seddon himself stretched on an Eastern death-bed, kindly ministered to as he had ministered to the dying man at the Pyramid. His letters, especially those to his wife, are very charming, full of freshness, and of a hope not destined to be realised. And there is one line set down by one of the most patient, careful, and reverent of workers at his art. "I wish I had painted still more carefully." If Seddon could write this, who should not? His 'Jerusalem' was purchased by public subscription, and is in Marlborough House. Those should examine it who would judge what English Art lost in losing Thomas Seddon.

*Historias Apodictis.* By the Rev. F. Fysh, M.A. (Seeley.) We own to a cowardly sensation experienced when five volumes of chronology, tinged with theological and prophetic colouring, presented themselves, and we confess that it required some moral courage not to take advantage of a certain loophole at the end of the title, and excuse ourselves from noticing a work, however meritorious, which has been printed some time. But when, again considering the title, we read that the book contained the chronology of the Six Thousand Years from the Creation to 1866, the startling announcement took the volumes out of any ordinary category. It is idle to talk of a book not being a novel one when it proposes to chronicle the events of the next eight years. Consequently, we determined to do a duty we might have avoided. We read Mr. Fysh's preface, and his opening chapter. We recognised great labour and patience—he himself says that the book has taken him seven years, and such toil is not to be lightly esteemed. We will content ourselves with saying that he has drawn out a most elaborate chronology of the world from Adam to 1866—that he believes that the end of the world will occur at

the latter date, "which is 2400 years from the building of the Temple," and is marked by the expiration of various other computations, of manipulating which students of prophecy have a singular knack; that the Apocalyptic seals are purely ecclesiastical; that the Seven Heads are the Seven Hills, and Sacraments of Rome, and that Armageddon (which, says Mr. Fysh, should be spelt Armaghédhon), means "precious city," and appears to refer to Jerusalem, "at the same time there is probably a reference to Ireland, as Armagh was anciently written Armagh." We might exhaust our compositor's stock of notes of ironical admiration, but perhaps one note of sincere pity for warped ingenuity is more befitting, in dismissing another victim of "prophecy."

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## POETS.

At a recent meeting of one of our legislative assemblies—to be precise, the Court of Common Council—Mr. Deputy Someone was dreadfully sarcastic on criticism. He said—*appropos* of some opposition to the adoption of a report—that there was always plenty of people ready to abuse anything literary; even a book by Cicero or Demosthenes, though it was well known to be a "sterling thing." This is possibly the case; certainly, some very fine "things" have been ill-treated, but we wish it to be understood, in the event of a few remonstrative observations occurring presently, that such observations are not made simply and solely because the "things" are "sterling." At the same time, we would submit that the office of commenting on young poets is trying to the temper. The good nature which, despite experience, gives a fair share of attention to every fresh ambitious flight, is again and again deceived; and it is only Goldsmith's "strong knock at hoping" that carries the wearied spirit through one into another of the little duodecim deceptions which cover the office-table like blacks. To remove them seems a final, but is a useless process, for they come again, and can scarcely be recognised from the former layer. Occasionally, however, the reward comes in the shape of a fine fresh spirit who gives—promise.

One fact in modern poetic literature is curious. Nearly every gentleman who claims to be a poet proves (in a page or two of preface that carries indisputable conviction) that at least he is no prose writer.

Mr. Edwin W. Simcox, author of *Alzim; or the Way to Happiness* (Saunders & Otley), has taken what he terms "the first idea" of his poem from M. le Brethon's French grammar. Well might he say, with Wolsey, that had he but served his Lindley Murray with half the zeal he served his Le Brethon, he would not have left him naked to his enemies. A hundred pages of nothing at all, in choicely spoiled English, is ten times ten times more than we can recommend. It will, however, be valuable to know what the "first idea" is—simply that happiness is to be reached by way of honest industry. The fresh, vigorous tone of this "first idea" induces regret at the absence of a second; but this is the age of small books, and we doubt if one such cover could contain two such ideas. Mr. Simcox appears to be a tolerably well-read man. His line,

That lady looked from her lattice high,

betrays congenial commerce with Byron's "Gaiour," when

His mother looked from her lattice high;

and "Selim's Song" is here and there a remarkably neat paraphrase of "Meet me in the Willow Glen." The author is always animated in his heroic passages, lopping off limbs to perfection, without even the assistance of an Alexandrine; but we prefer him in calm, close observation. In the following, for instance:—

They did not flout him to his face, 'tis true,  
Lest they, in turn, his sabre's edge might rue.  
But, when men's hearts with spite are flowing o'er,  
Many's the way to make their victim sore,  
Besides plain insult: the disdainful glance,  
The uncivil action, done as if by chance,  
The stifled laugh, which grates upon the ear  
With all the stinging bitterness of sneer,  
And, should due wrath inflame the victim's eye,  
The lying, yet most bland, apology.

Of a different and more modest stamp is Mr. Andrew Simon Lamb. He presents two volumes, *The Maiden Warrior*, or *the Fairest of Neithdachs* (Edinburgh, MacLachlan & Stewart), and *Ina, &c.* (Edinburgh, Grant & Son). But the list of his merits is exhausted when we have named his modesty. The "Maiden Warrior" is simply unreadable: a long dreary narrative in blank verse. *Ina*, and *Norella*, the other stories, are again purely narrative. The most cunningly devised trap would fail to catch so much as one reflection or illustration throughout the book. He indulges in a martial, Scott-like verse, reflecting the daring deeds of Fitz-James and Marmion, but adapting them to wild piratical life. As stories, they are spirited enough, but the incidents are of a class tolerated only on the

boards of Astley's. Even in this the monotony is unrelieved by the expected Corporal with his dance, or the no less looked-for Sailor with his contempt for Asiatic potentates. Sometimes the spirited flow of the lines—like a builder's line, nothing without a plummet of lead at the end—contains something ludicrously prosaic:—

But, though so tall his noble form,  
With him is one whom all must term  
A warrior as fair to see.  
'Tis not the Lord of Rosalynn's len,  
Though he in war hath won a name  
Outshining far ancestral fame.  
Nor is it any of his squires,  
Though all are such as one admires.

And here is a description of a dreadful shipwreck, which cannot fail to induce harrowing sensations:—

The surf breaketh o'er her—space she doth sink—  
And her prow goeth under just as from the brink  
Of the poop fair Norella, along with her lord,  
Is borne by a sweeping wave sheer overboard.

Alvino's strong arm is outstretched not in vain,  
And his sinking Norella he timely hath ta'en,  
And bears her all senseless straight on to the shore,  
Despite the toss'd timbers that often him gore.

Without wishing to overload this passage with comment, and for the author's good, we would point to the false stress on the word "as" in the second line, to "along with her lord" in the third, and to "sheer overboard" in the fourth. The eighth line contains as fine a specimen of involution as we remember in any wild poet.

The reader would naturally expect something far above average verse from an anonymous gentleman who announces himself as a "Graduate of Oxford." But the purchaser of *The Moslem and the Hindoo*, a Poem on the Sepoy Revolt (Saunders & Otley), will be disappointed. It is simply a blank verse paraphrase of newspaper accounts; that is, it is divided into ten-foot lines, but reads precisely like so much prose, that the commonest newspaper having any character to lose would exclude from its columns. We object to condemn without giving evidence:—

To Simla sped that cruel sound, and there  
Made known the treacherous discord. ANSON SAW  
The danger of the crisis; trifling then  
Were fatal; he to reach Umballa sought,  
Thence push to Delhi and defeat the foe.  
With eastern haste he to Umballa came,  
But there delay detain'd him—there he found  
No siege-train ready for the emergency,  
No preparation 'gainst the fatal day.  
Delay! how trying to the impatient mind,  
When thought outruns slow action, and performs  
Wonders in its own world, and so comes back  
Disappointed, astonish'd that we move  
With crawling steps along, while wing'd it flies,  
And finds far space no lasting obstacle  
To its pervading power.

The remarkable reflections on "delay," concluding the above passage, remind us that the Graduate's book does contain something besides mere narrative. There are occasional declamatory flashes, in the same style, including one here and there on "Sleep," the merits of which the Graduate's poem gives us every opportunity of testing.

We shall do best justice to *Poems by L.* (Whitfield), by presenting

## FOREST LEAVES.

Leaves of the falling forest,  
That whirl so lightly round,  
Ye seem unwilling yet to find  
Repose upon the ground,—  
Unwilling yet, beneath the tree  
Where once ye hung in grace,  
To find, poor winged flutterers,  
So cold a resting-place.

Leaves from the oaken branches,  
The stately elm, I see,  
From silvery birch and aspen too,  
Float in transparency.  
Mementoes of a glory past  
And of a beauty fled,  
Leaves are ye from a book, in which  
Some lessons may be read.

Ye symbolise the transient hopes  
That fill so many a mind,  
And fall to earth when first is heard  
From far, stern winter's wind.  
Simple or wise, or weak or strong,  
In dreams their time beguile,  
Which pass when ceased has summer's glow,  
And autumn's sun to smile.

Yet when the tree's fresh leaves are gone,  
The fruit remains behind;  
So, moraliser, think once more  
That thus it is with mind.  
Our dreams are often falling leaves  
That 'neath our feet must lie;  
These past, our Tree of Life bears fruit  
For immortality!

We do not say that this is very great or strong, but it is a fair specimen of a little volume distinguished from the mass—distinguished by its quiet thought and graceful language. The poems are infinitely beyond that doubtful mark at which it is good to write and unwise to print. They are good enough for any but over-exalted readers, and have one great and indispensable merit, seldom to be found, that of being readable.

Mr. Nicholas J. Gannon publishes *The O'Donoghue of the Lakes, and other Poems.* (Bosworth & Harrison.) Here are Irish legends and lurd rejoicings over the beauties of scenery, together with some "occasional" poems, which are hopelessly commonplace. But Mr. Gannon has studied his art, and never offends by bad grammar or faulty measure. He has, in addition, the merit of considerable poetic insight, and an aspiration after poetic fame, which his present performance renders not utterly hopeless. But he errs in following narrative and description, which are not rarities—whilst the tendencies of the finest intellect in every age has been, and will ever be, towards very distinct flesh and blood displayed in poetic imagination. Now, Mr. Gannon's young lady, Eva, does not stand out as a real personage in the least. We have had the pleasure of seeing Irish girls, and have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be decidedly substantial, and perfectly incapable of Gannonian Evanescency.

"An Architect," who publishes *Poems* (Hardwicke), need not have apologised. He says "Life is like a picnic, each one should bring his best." He is right: life is like a picnic, and the bread is too often forgotten, as also the corkscrew. And the fate of the bottle—broken for its wine—is strangely typical of the poet, who learns in suffering what he teaches in song. Pretty fancies, well expressed, are in the Architect's little book, which will be found not the least attractive in the literary feast which he suggests.

One of the crowd of little volumes is peculiarly depressing—it is so near being so good! It is Mr. Rowland Brown's *Songs of Early Spring.* (Kent & Co.) Our sorrow in this instance is that the author's lyrical faculty runs away with him. He is quite unable to control it, and often it carries him where he had better not willingly venture. He reminds us of Florence McCarthy, and like him he can fling his observations into any measure. He is generally elegant as regards sound, but that of which sound should be an echo is sometimes lacking, as in Mr. McCarthy's case. However, Mr. Brown has not the trick of repetition on which his elder "brother in the throng" depends. He writes of high aspirations, of chivalrous sentiment, of hope, memory, and every kindred thing; of flowers and sunshine in reckless profusion. All his poems are readable, but not to be remembered. Unfortunately his ideas are not sufficiently strong to make the form of their expression a secondary matter. They want condensation. Had they been sifted into something smaller and neater, they might have lost a momentary ring, but they would have been more likely to endure. From the "Song of the Winds" we extract one graceful stanza, partly to impress on our author and readers that the wind-idea might have been better expressed. One moment's consideration of the strong, steady blow of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" will be better than any counsel. It may be argued that the winds vary; so might the verse.

In the morning of the year  
Ye our clarion voices hear,  
Like a wanderer stand we then,  
On the hill-tops o'er the glen;  
And awake the slumbering streams,  
With the snowdrops from their dreams,  
Yes, invisibly we bring  
Back the children of the Spring,  
When the emerald meadows ring!  
With a shout heart-gladdening!

*Oboron's Empire: a Mask* (Saunders & Otley) is simply dreary. Royalty may be congratulated,

on the fact that the custom of presenting a mask on the occasion of a Royal visit has gone out of fashion. In the days of Ben Jonson and Milton no sensible man would have objected to be Royalty itself, simply for the sake of the mask. In the present day a plain gentleman might pause in choosing whether he would continue his plainness, or seek ornament through the twin-mediums of a crown and a mask like this about Oboron. Here are four lines worthy a moment's attention:

The sweetest sources rob hearts of repose,  
As spiders draw keen venom from the rose,  
Thus blighted happiness consumes life's flow'r  
If not restored by Love's refreshing show'r.

We have taken these lines literally at random. What do they mean? No "source," however sweet, can be in itself sufficiently entire to rob anything; a something that springs from a source might be. We will not be authoritative, but we believe the "venom-drinking spider" to be a creation rather than a study from nature or Spence and Kirby. The remaining lines are confused. "Life's flow'r" might be consumed by "blighted happiness," and yet it would be within the range of "love's refreshing show'r" to restore or re-awaken it. Perhaps the author means that the calamity of blighted happiness will probably occur, unless what Horace Smith calls "grand blubberation," not unusual in early love-cases, comes to the solace of Cupid. But it is unpleasant for a reader ever to have the trouble of assuming the author's faculty.

A book worthy of attention for its excellent object and good execution, is *Blighted Pasque-Flovers: A Plea for the Workroom*, by C. S. and M. E. S. (Low & Son.) This "Easter offering" bears a quaintly-derived name; but its contents appeal at once and very plainly to the lovers of good poetry, and to those thoughtless fine ladies whose carelessness and want of consideration for their suffering sisters work unintentional ruin. The prevalent rage for display in dress amongst almost all classes, induces heedlessness as to the condition of the dress-makers—often well educated, gentle young girls, who fall victims to early disease, or flaunt their three years of something far worse, and then die. Our own sympathies are not given solely to the "well-educated;" they are with all; but the mention of refinement is calculated to bring the question home to the hearts of those who, themselves refined, persist in standing aloof. We believe that it must be this knowledge—not warped intellect—that makes Mrs. Beecher Stowe advocate the cause of the Africans through the medium of a quadroom. Our authors here—father and daughter, as we understand—possess not the dramatic living flesh and blood of Hood; but in a quiet manner of their own they appeal with great feeling—to "The Belle of the Season," for instance; and we would call especial attention to the beautiful thought, so ardently expressed, in the word "alone,"—last line of the fifth verse:—

Fairest of fair ones! newly bursting forth  
In maiden beauty to the world's broad gaze,  
It will not search to find thy hidden worth,  
Well satisfied to see thine outward rays.  
All own thy beauty, and a few, perchance,  
May read a something in those deep blue eyes  
Beyond the love of gay parade and dance,  
Beyond earth's falsehood, and her merchandise.  
Thou hast a soul of feeling, and thy heart  
Vibrates to every chord of grief, that rolls  
Upon sigh-breezes; thou canst bear a part  
In earth's glad ringing, or her muffled tolls.  
Then listen to that stifled chorus-sigh,  
From attics by the world and thee unseen,  
Too faint for earth, it yet has reached the sky,  
And God the righteous judge shall intervene.  
Use well thy day—beauty has power with all,  
And should'st thou wait in life's gay busy round  
To listen to a crushed one's plaintive call,  
Thou would'st not wait, alone, to hear the sound.  
Be careful, bright one, lest in passing through  
The fields of earthly happiness and mirth,  
Thy foot should crush a floweret, hid from view  
By bitter winds that bowed its head to earth.

All thanks to men and women with serious thoughts and aims. But with pretentious persons who attack unfairly, or who are jocose heavily, we cannot agree. We cannot agree with Mr. John Bull, junior, who publishes *Humbly*

*Attacked, or Church, Law, Physic, Army, and Navy.* (Mountcastle.) In this ungrammatical satire everything is abused; that is to say, every common-place (possibly correct) argument is reproduced in language and style so coarse as to defeat its object with all fair dealers.

*The Song of the Cats* (Simpkin & Co.) is a Manchester book. It is evidently comic—but life is short, and the "Song" must be the book of at least a few life-times. It is difficult to make out what it means: its design is so very subtle. It is clearly the production of a gentleman—of good sympathies, and who means nothing but what is right—of good education and reading, to judge from his learned and literary allusions and quotations. But it is a closely printed joke of 130 pages—very suitable to be considered by young people commencing pilgrimage; but, for ourselves, our life's ends and aims were settled some time ago.

With a work like *The Age of Lead* (Judd & Glass) it is dangerous to be connected even by just commentary. A very few words must suffice. It is intended for a satire, delivered under the similitude of a dream. Its author calls himself Adolphus Pasquin. With old-fashioned machinery, and names borrowed from Dryden, an attempt is made to slaughter almost all men whose names are honoured in present literature. The only individual who escapes—in an unenviable Ark—this filthy flood, is the Rev. George Gillfillan. For any other man there is no escape. Such flimsy disguises as the asterisk in place of the vowel are resorted to, and the full name is invariably given in a foot note. Living men have their books alone fouled; but ten months' tenantry of grave is sufficient to insure a hyena-like croak over the personal misfortune of a lamented deformity. There must be something very wrong on one side or the other. Are we to look for the fault in our great poets, in our great writers of fiction? Or, shall we at once seek and find it in the ill-regulated mind of a young man of the north, who happens not to have been thought so clever as he considered himself to be? By some strange meeting of extremes this piece of deadly and unprovoked hatred is prefaced with several pages, showing the intimate connection of literary greatness with Christianity. "By the Rev. George Gillfillan, author of 'Christianity and our Era,' &c.," who stands sponsor to the book, and whose Presbyterian tendencies seem to us his only excuse for not knowing better the duties of a godfather.

#### OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

THE mine of antiquarian, biographical, historical, in fact of all kinds of valuable literature preserved in the State Paper Office is one into which a shaft cannot be too often sunk. There is no chance of the venture turning out unsuccessful, or the miner's failing to bring up some treasure, either rich in itself, or curious, or both. With this view, we propose to avail ourselves, from time to time, of the facilities which are now offered to the student of our State Papers, and to present our readers with such selections from those documents as may seem likely to interest them, or to illustrate the historical or biographical works of the day. It will be understood that what we thus offer has never before been printed. And in order to the rendering such papers more generally interesting, we shall, when it may be necessary, preface the document with some brief notice of the writer, or of the subjects to which he refers. Learned readers will, we know, pardon such preliminary on the ground that it will be serviceable to those who are less learned.

It may not be amiss, in the first instance, to say a few words upon the subject of the great national collection of State Papers. It will be seen by reference to the preface

of the eleven volumes 4to. of State Papers published under the authority of a Royal Commission, that an office for keeping papers and records concerning matters of State and Council was established by Queen Elizabeth in 1578, and that Dr. Thomas Wilson, afterwards Secretary of State, was appointed the keeper and register. Between 1578 and 1826, a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, there were appointed sixteen keepers of State Papers, viz., Dr. Thomas Wilson, Dr. James, Thomas Lake (afterwards Secretary of State), Thomas Wilson (nephew to the first keeper), Levinus Muncke, Ambrose Randolph, Sir William Boswell, Thomas Raymond, Sir Joseph Williamson (afterwards Secretary of State), John Tucker, Hugh Howard, John Conrad, Andrew Stone, Sir Stanier Porten (these last three were Under-Secretaries of State), John Bruce, and The Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse (the last keeper), who died in April, 1854.

James I. appears to have paid considerable attention and to have attached great importance to the preservation and proper arrangement of these valuable papers, and by a patent dated 15th March, 1610, "directed them to be collected into a set form or library in some convenient place within our palace of Whitehall, to be at all times the reader for our use, and for the use of any of our principal secretaries hereafter for the better enabling them to do us service." They were consequently taken from the chests in which they had been hitherto kept and consigned to apartments in the palace of Whitehall, where they remained until the fire which destroyed the Palace on the 12th January, 1619; the tower over the gateway in which they were deposited fortunately however escaped the conflagration. Various places were subsequently fitted up and appropriated to the State Paper Office in 1830; a plan was approved and a vote passed for erecting a new fire proof building for the reception of the State Papers, and in 1833 they were removed to the present office in St. James's Park at the north end of Duke Street.

Upon the death of Mr. Hobhouse in April 1854 a change of custody took place in conformity with Treasury minutes; the State Paper Office was consolidated with the Public Record Office, and was placed under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls.

The papers committed to the custody of the keeper were from three distinct and separate departments, namely, the offices of the Foreign, Colonial, and the Home Secretaries of State. The Foreign papers consist of the correspondence with the British Government and their ambassadors, ministers, consuls, or agents in foreign countries; the Colonial with the governors or commanders in chief of all the British colonies and possessions, embracing also the history of America from the earliest period to the peace in 1783; and the Home papers relate to the domestic or home affairs of the British nation, and include many which are of a private and miscellaneous character.

Access to the State Paper Office may readily be obtained, whether for the purpose of consulting the foreign, the colonial, or the domestic correspondence, by addressing the Secretary of State to whose department the papers respectively belong; but if they bear date subsequent to the year 1688, the period of the Revolution, leave is granted for the foreign and colonial papers under certain restrictions.

It will readily be imagined that the

frequent removals of these valuable papers were a cause of their being thrown into the greatest disorder. As far back as the year 1764 Sir Joseph Ayloffe and other antiquaries of considerable note presented a memorial to the Government representing the bad condition of the State Papers and the want of indexes and calendars. They proposed to undertake the principal labour of arranging, making proper calendars, indexes, &c.; but though this commission was in existence for thirty-six years, little traces of their labours remained, and it was not until Mr. Hobhouse was appointed keeper in 1826 that any methodical arrangement was carried out. The volumes of Domestic Calendars of portions of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I., lately published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, will show how successful that arrangement has been. When we add that the State Paper Office contains many thousand volumes and bundles of papers, all arranged in countries, colonies, reigns, or in divisions, so that any single paper may be referred to at a minute's notice, it will be admitted that the country has been well served by the curators of the papers.

The document which we present, upon this occasion, from the State Paper Office, is a letter from Sir Toby Matthew to his friend Dudley Carleton. Sir Toby Matthew, one of the most singular characters of his time, was the son of Toby Matthew, Archbishop of York, and was born in 1578. He matriculated in 1589 when only eleven years of age, and left England in 1604, having "license to travel for three years." On his return in 1607 he was imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to King James I., and writes to his friend Dudley Carleton the 19th of December as follows:—"I have read, and read again, the discourse you sent me; and upon your request am content to thincke the author of it honest and learned. Though to be plaine with yow he hath shewed neither of both in this worke of is. His grownde is not onely false but ridiculous where he says y<sup>e</sup> the Catholique Church of Christ doth consist onely of the elect, and therefore y<sup>e</sup> it is Invisibile. I do willingly avoyd all conference whilst I am in prison; yet rather then a man whom I love so deerlye as yourselfe should be abus'd with so idle a conceyt, I offer my selfe to conferr with him, whosoever he be, upon y<sup>e</sup> point, if he will take the paines to come hither. And we will have no judge but yow, whether his opinion be true or false, by the testimonies of Scripture, yea, by those very fathers whom he hath chosen to alleadge." In February 1608 he was "ordered to depart the realm," and remained abroad until 1617. On 6th May of that year Secretary Lake writes that "Tobie Matthew is allowed to return home by the Duke of Buckingham's influence, and may stay if he will take the oath of allegiance." It also appears that his mother assisted in "procuring the return of her son."

On 26th July following, Secretary Winwood writes to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at the Hague: "Your old ancient friend Toby Mathew is returned, and gone into the countrey w<sup>h</sup> my Lo: Keeper [Bacon]. He once came to visite me and to intreat my favour, w<sup>h</sup> if he receive not in that plentifull manner as perhaps he may expecte, it is not to be imputed to want of kindness or affeecon in me, for I love his person and the good parts that are in him, but I must not be false to that duty I owe to the King and to that trust the State doth repose in me, to both w<sup>h</sup> nothing can be more dangerous then that such menne, who professedly refuse the oath of allegiance should be cockered [indulged, spoiled—Halliwell] or countenanced." He persisted, however, in refusing to take the oath of allegiance, and on 11th March, 1618, he "received order to dispathe his busines and to retire himself from hence." It appears he was about this time in

the habit of "paying night visits to the Spanish Ambassador." We next find him writing from Brussels. Through Lord Chancellor Bacon's influence he was again allowed to return to England. He seems to have found favour with King James, by whose command in 1622 he followed Prince Charles into Spain, and soon after his return was knighted at Royston on 10th October, 1623. He appears to have been attached to the court of King Charles I., and to have accompanied the Earl of Strafford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, thither. When the rebellion broke out, he left his native country and joined the Jesuits at Ghent, where he died 13th October, 1655, aged 77. He was a poet, a painter, and a man of gallantry: that he was also a most zealous Roman Catholic his letters clearly prove; and it is more than probable that he exerted his influence, whenever opportunities arose, for the benefit of the religion which he embraced with so much fervour. Lord Orford tells us that he painted a portrait of the Infanta of Spain; and the famous character of Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, first printed in his volume of "Letters," was the production of his pen. His mother, whose monument is in York Cathedral, was Frances Barlow, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, her first husband being Matthew Parker, son to the Archbishop of Canterbury. She had four sisters, who were married to four bishops—so that a bishop was her father, an archbishop her father-in-law, four bishops her brothers, and an archbishop her husband.

The following letter to his friend Dudley Carleton, who was subsequently Secretary of State and first Viscount Dorchester, is dated from Paris 26 February 1606-7. It will be seen that at this early period Matthew was suspected of having embraced the Roman Catholic Church. Sanders, who is named in this letter was a cousin of Carleton's, and appears to have been as fond of religious controversy as Toby Matthew.

#### TOBY MATTHEW TO DUDLEY CARLETON.

Paris, 26 Feb. 1606-7.  
8 March.

Sr,—I will awnswear in few the longe advise yow send concerning my selfe, with telling yow I am that I am. And so ar row, and not that men say yow ar. The Jesuite and Preist I percieve ar banished, and therefore I thincke I am an honest man, since so great a man hath saide and sworn it. For my beinge a desperate Catholique, it must weare itselfe out as it may, which I am not like to do whilst I am in France, since I cannot but bestow the heeringe of Gontier who talks almost at my chamber doore; and yet to scatter those mistes of error I have been divers times at the Embassadours at as pittifull sermons, as a Cart laden with Iron barre makes ill Musique. I have frequented his service, eaten his flesh on fasting daies; what do yow lacke what ist that yow lacke that yow lacke, and yet for all this forsooth I am a Catholique. I know not what cause I give to be so thought except it be a course that I have taken with my selfe to \* \* \* \* \* no more, nor detract nor lye nor blasphem. The church of England is grown to a very extravagant kinde of purity and reformation, if it cannot endure a man for a member thereof, that hath no dessein but to save his soule. That's my religion, but for my beinge a Papist, I beseech yow controule and quench the brute so as at my retourne I may be freed even from the very imputation. In the mean time I would it were not true that the greater part of them that have maliciously voyced me and simply belived me to be a Papist, ar much worse then Papists, and little better then Atheists. More at meetings a coeur ouvert. Touchinge Mr. Sanders I can say nothinge now. The newes I have I send yow in other mens letters which for that reason yow receive unsealed. Your money I hope yow have received, and if there be any overplus due to me, I desyre it presently. Concerninge Sanders I had forgotten to tell yow that in my conscience I thincke he is a Catholique in his there: there is no dealinge to alter him he is to well-founded. The matter is, whether that religion do binde him under paine of mortall sinne (as he calls it) to abstaine from Protestant churches &c., for which I see no sence, or at least no authority even of his owne church, and so I tell him, for that no generall counsaile hath ever determined it, no nor any Pope definitively. I should be extremely sorry that the error of his judgement should be the overthrow of his fortune. In one thinge he is not chaung'd, in loving yow; so much for him, now for yow thus much, that yow shall have my advise as faithfully when yow shall require it, as my uttermost helpe when yow shall need it. I pray yow lett me heer often from yow. Yow send me no newes, But my wonder is not great Your minde is in other matters. Every man tells me so, and some woman, the Embassadours wife. God bless us now and ever Yours ever most assured

Toby Matthew.

Paris the 8 of March 1607.  
To my good friend  
Mr. Dudley Carleton  
at Mr. Williams howse  
without Creeplegate.

## THE GREAT RIVER QUESTION.

WHEN the river Fleet was a sparkling trout stream, and Walbrook a rivulet; when St. James's Park was a morass, and Roman villas studded the banks of the Thames from the Tower to Dowgate; the Cockney of the period dined off the trout or the gudgeon he had caught in the river, and reclining on its grassy banks, enjoyed his post-prandial siesta. He little thought how, centuries after, those banks would become wharves, and that the fair river would carry on its broad bosom the merchandise of the world; still less that its pebbly beaches would become heaps of corruption, its transparent and refreshing waters noxious and turbid, or that his descendants would now be racking the brains of their wise men to devise a means to purify it.

Such however is the case, and what makes it more melancholy is that the nuisance grows worse and more alarming every day. Offended river passengers declaim indignantly against boards, commissioners, and vested rights, and are at a loss to understand why in what we like to call this glorious country, men of science cannot be found to make a plan, or money raised to carry it out, without placing so important a matter into the hands of what is little better than a great vestry. The spots that will be plague-stricken this hot summer are known; childless parents will be bewailing their losses, but already, while yet the children are gasping for wholesome air, the Board of No Works has decided not to consider the matter till the summer is past.

Since 1849, when the first Metropolitan Commission of Sewers was appointed, the number of plans that have been proposed for dealing with the London sewage and the Thames is enormous. In that year alone 116 were sent in to the commission which superseded the first; but this again was superseded by a third, and that in its turn by a fourth, till at length there had been no less than six commissions considering plans and reports on the subject. The last was knocked on the head by Lord Palmerston in 1855, and in January, 1856, the Metropolitan Board of Works was instituted, with the hope and expectation that the representative ratepayers would arrive at a solution of the question. They took the matter in hand, earnestly, by directing their engineer, Mr. Bazalgette, to make a plan, which he did, but it was disapproved of by a higher power, and referred to three gentlemen, Messrs. Simpson, Blackwell, and Captain Galton, to report on. The reports of referees, the reports on referees' reports, additional reports, and supplementary plans have brought the question into a good deal of confusion. Let us endeavour to get to the bottom of it.

The drainage of London would be but little thought of were it not from its connection with the pollution of the Thames, and this did not become remarkable till comparatively quite recently. Twenty years ago whitebait were caught at London Bridge, and although certain sewers discharged themselves into the river, the matter carried into it was of small consequence; for till 1880 cesspools were universal, but since that date they have become almost obsolete, and all offensive matter is discharged into the sewers, and so into the river. Improved arrangements for domestic cleanliness have thus become a public inconvenience, and all the foul matter from houses, combined with that from manufactories on the river's banks, finds its way into the Thames, where, stirred by the paddles of steamers, and washed up and down by the tide, it is partially carried to sea, and partially deposited on the shores of the river forming banks of foul black mud.

The present sewers are in most cases the old watercourses running down the valleys subsidiary and nearly at right angles to the valley of the Thames. Some of these—as the Lee and the Brent on the north, and the Wandale and Ravensbourne on the south side of the valley—are rivers themselves, and receive the drainage of towns and villages through which they flow. The Thames itself before it reaches London drains a district containing 700,000 inhabitants, so that it may be

supposed to contain the filth not only of London, whose population is estimated at 2,562,236, but that of nearly a million more.

The various plans that have been proposed for dealing with this immense volume of sewage may be divided into two classes: those proposing to intercept the sewage from the Thames in London carrying it in canals on the banks of the river and discharging it at some point far below London, into the river or even into the sea; and those proposing to discharge the intercepted sewage into reservoirs, there chemically or otherwise acting on it so as to deodorise and purify it, and discharging the clear liquid into the Thames, to convert the solid residue into marketable manure.

The Metropolitan Board of Works prepared through their engineer a plan of the first-named class, viz., to carry the intercepted sewage of London in canals on each side of the river to points opposite each other in Erith Reach—the famous B\*. This plan was duly submitted to Sir Benjamin Hall for approval, but that minister conceiving that it would not answer all its requirements, and that it was not sufficiently comprehensive, referred it to three engineers, Messrs. Simpson, Blackwell, and Captain Galton, desiring them to examine into its details and report on it to him. After a period of seven months they presented their report, in which, after having found fault in many ways with the plan of the Board, but principally with the points of outfall, they proposed one of their own, which, although resembling the former one in many respects, differed as to its greater magnitude of design and as to the points of outfall for the lateral sewers, which they proposed to make respectively at Mucking Lighthouse in Sea Reach, and at Higham Creek, a part of the river where its course to the sea is uninterrupted by reaches. The sewers themselves were to be of greater dimensions, and instead of being covered all the way, as in the Board's plan, were to be in many places open, while the level was to be so low that the tide would ebb and flow in them as in the river. The expense of this plan was estimated at 3,694,300*l.* against that of the Board at 2,300,000*l.*

This report, with its appendices and additions was sent by Sir Benjamin to the Metropolitan Board, who in their turn appointed three referees to report on the plan of the first referees. Messrs. Bidder and Hawkesley, engineers of the highest standing, formed, in conjunction with Mr. Bazalgette, this second triumvirate, who in their report to the Board came to this conclusion: that the plan of the first triumvirate could not be carried out for the sum proposed, for instead of their estimate of three million odd, it would cost twice as much, if not more, in fact that their plans had been badly prepared and their estimates erroneously calculated; that there is no necessity for carrying the sewage so far as Sea Reach (since the immense body of water with which it would become mixed higher up the river would so dilute it as to prevent nuisance); and while adhering to the original plan of the Board with some slight modifications, the second triumvirate brought forward chemical and other testimony to prove that the Thames at London is not polluted at all, and that if it is, the only remedy is to narrow its channel by embankments, so as to prevent deposits and to cause a more rapid flow.

The Board and the Chief Commissioner of Works are thus at variance with each other, and the former has decided to take no further steps in the matter, at least for the present.

All facts relative to the utilisation of sewage have lately been embodied in the preliminary report of the Royal Commission appointed in January, 1857, and directed "to inquire into the best mode of distributing the sewage of towns, and applying it to beneficial and profitable uses; to investigate all matters relating thereto, and to report the result of their investigations, with such suggestions on the subject as they might have to offer." The Commissioners are Lord Essex, Messrs. Seymer, Rawlinson, Way, Simon, Lawes, Austin, and Dr. Southwood Smith, and the report in question is the result of the inquiries

of a committee appointed by them to visit all places where processes for the utilisation of town sewage are actually in operation. These were Rugby, Edinburgh, Mansfield, Watford, Rusholme, and Milan, where the sewage is applied to the land in a liquid state; and Croydon, Leicester, Tottenham and Cheltenham, where works for the purification of sewage by chemical processes are in operation. Under the first of these systems they found that the agricultural results are most beneficial, and that no nuisance or detriment to health arises from the discharge of so much sewage matter on to the land beyond what an equal bulk of water similarly employed would cause. At the towns where the latter system is at work the sewage is treated in most cases with lime, which by the chemical changes it induces causes the slimy, glutinous matter suspended in the sewage to separate and fall to the bottom of the reservoir into which the liquid is carried for the purpose, leaving a clear fluid which is discharged into the river. The liquid of course still contains a small quantity of dissolved putrescible matter, which would again become offensive, were it not mixed with so immense a bulk of water. The solid matter is manufactured into dry manure, and this is the really objectionable part of the process; but the Commission suggest that when in the state of semi-liquid mud or "sludge," it should be pumped on to the land and used as liquid manure.

The Commission consider that either of the two plans—irrigation or precipitation—may be employed, since the choice must depend on various circumstances, such as levels, locality and markets; or that they may be used conjointly; that the magnitude of a town presents no difficulty to the effectual treatment of its sewage, as it may be considered a collection of small towns, and that the sewage of London may be satisfactorily dealt with in this way.

They then proceed to suggest a plan for the disposal of the metropolitan sewage. Premising that the embankment of the Thames is necessary to its purification, they propose to make this the great feature of their scheme. Years ago a plan was suggested for building hollow embankments, into which the sewage was to be conducted, and through which it was to flow continuously to some point below London. This however was rendered impracticable on account of the enormous interference with wharf property which an *uninterrupted* line of embankment would cause, and the impossibility of passing the dock entrances. The proposition of the Commissions differs from this, as will be seen in the following extract from their Report. They propose "to construct such embankments in the form of advanced terraces, continuous on the surface, but affording at convenient distances entrances to the inner basins" (for wharf accommodation). \* \* \* "Within these detached lengths of embankment a series of separate terminal sewers or reservoirs would be formed into which the whole of the sewers of the metropolis now discharging directly into the Thames would have their outfall. The solid matter would there be separated and precipitated, and the liquid treated with some deodorising agent before discharge." \* \* \*

"The solid matter precipitated in the reservoirs would be pumped away in the form of sludge through pipes in connection with the whole of the reservoirs, and carried out to sea, if no opportunity should arise for the beneficial employment of this material. That it may be profitably employed however upon large tracts of barren land within an available distance, especially fitted to receive manure in so convenient a form, there can be little doubt. \* \* \* The value of the sludge manure would be very great, and there would remain only to be deducted from that value the cost of arrangements on the land itself for the distribution of the manure," for the heavy expenses of works, and of transmission of sewage would have been already incurred.

The possible objections to the scheme are, that the liquid discharged into the river would not be absolutely pure, and that deodorising works

would be a nuisance. With regard to the first, the commissioners state that perfect purity of the river is impossible, but that purity to the extent of freeing it from the offensive and injurious properties of London sewage would be secured. With regard to the second objection, they explain that there can be no smell from the reservoirs, as their contents would be always deodorised and there would be no external openings in the shape of gullies, and that even should any emanations arise, their distance from habitations would render them harmless.

They state, what appears perfectly just, that the difficulty and expense of such an undertaking become far less formidable since the metropolis may be divided into districts, in fact into smaller towns, instead of being dealt with as an unmanageable whole, and that their plan would afford the means of realising almost the greatest improvement of which London is susceptible. They suggest that the embankment on the north side should form a carriage-way, communicating with all the bridges, and underneath which it would pass. Between it and the riverside wharves would be basins with convenient entrances, and where there are no wharves the present mudbanks would be raised to the level of the terrace and formed into public gardens. On the south side the embankment would form a railway, connecting the London Bridge railways with the South Western lines and *vice versa*.

The Commissioners state finally that the whole scheme, exclusive of the purchase of property for new lines of street to communicate with the terraces, and the working expenses of dealing with the sewage, may, at a liberal estimate, be executed for three and a quarter millions sterling; and that the cost, including everything, and making allowance for no return, would be far below that for the buried and probably inefficient works for conveying the sewage to Sea Reach.

We recommend attentive examination of the plan, and study of the report of the Commission; for, drawn up by, scientific men of mark, it gives the public more insight into the question than they have yet been able to gain.

We have explained the features of the official plans now before the public; of the numerous extraneous ones it would be useless to speak. A committee of the House of Commons is now considering all conflicting propositions, and it is much to be desired that some definite decision may speedily be made. We know that it is possible to purify the Thames, and we know what serious consequences must immediately arise from its present abominable condition. But whatever scheme may be adopted, let it be the best, so that the terrible enemy now threatening its thousands with death may be thoroughly vanquished; for should the work be only half done, the death of tens of thousands will be the inevitable consequence.

E.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Tuesday.

ARRANGEMENTS have, I am informed, been made with an eminent publishing firm in London for bringing out a translation of the "Correspondence of Napoleon I.," of which the French government has commenced the publication at the national expense. This Correspondence will occupy a great many huge volumes, as it will comprise copious selections from all Napoleon's letters, dispatches, notes, orders of the day, proclamations, &c., &c., from his first outburst of glory at the siege of Toulon to the day of his death on the barren rock of St. Helena. The French government very justly considers that the work is not only of national but even of European importance. Strange to say, however, it has only had a limited number of copies of the first volume, the only one yet produced, struck off—and these it has presented to foreign princes and ministers, and some few distinguished foreign generals—and, in France, only to the very highest dignitaries of the State. But a cheap edition for sale to the public cannot fail to be brought out. The projected English translation will of course

preserve unimpaired the historical, political, and military importance of the work; but, however well it may be done, and I presume that the very best "hands" that can be got will be employed, it cannot do otherwise than mar the concise, telling, impetuous energy of the hero's style and the mingled singularity and grandeur of his imagery. It is not easy to transfer any man's style into a foreign language, and least of all such a peculiar one as his; and as to images, to which from his southern birth and the cast of his mind he was addicted, what are appropriate, graceful, sublime in one language are often strained, affected, grotesque in another. In translations of an ordinary poem, novel, or history, difficulties arising from style may generally be got over by the adoption of an equivalent, and those from imagery by a paraphrase; but in such a work as the "Correspondence of Napoleon," it will be necessary, for the sake of historical truth, to be as literally exact as possible. I have been afforded an opportunity of examining many of the letters of Napoleon which are to figure in the collection; and I can assure you that the Commission which is charged with the duty of saying what shall and what shall not be published has a most arduous task to perform. For of all the "cramped pieces of penmanship" that were ever seen, his are the most cramped and unintelligible. The manner in which the letters are formed would frighten a writing-master into fits, and the lines never run straight, whilst not unfrequently they come into collision. And what is singular is, that a great many words are grossly mis-spelt, and that others are only half-written. O vanity of human genius! O triumph for dull little school-boys! The man who conquered more kingdoms than Alexander knew not orthography!

[We perfectly agree, of course, with our correspondent as to the interest of the proposed work, but if it be true, as we have reason to believe, that one of the stipulations on which English publication is conceded by the French government is the entire absence of note or comment, the value of the book will be greatly diminished. We hope to hear that this fatal objection has been got over, and that the Napoleon letters will be illustrated by the notes necessary now that so long a period has elapsed since the documents were penned.—Ed. L. G.]

The good people of Rouen amused themselves the other day, as the newspapers will tell you, in getting up an imitation of the solemn entrance of King Louis XIV. in his early youth into that "good town," accompanied by his mother Anne d'Autriche, by his minister Cardinal Mazarin, by the great dignitaries of his kingdom, by the governors and other authorities of the province, by soldiers, archers, and halberdiers—all in the exact costume of the time. Was this a mere idle pageant? By no means. It was got up for charitable purposes, and it extracted some 2000*l.* sterling over and above all expenses from the pockets of the lieges for the benefit of the poor. It moreover brought vividly before contemporaries a striking scene of the past—a scene which was full of instruction to many, a source of pleasure to all. In Angers, at Lisle, and other places historical parades of a similar kind have lately come off, and in Belgium such things are of frequent occurrence. Why should we not have the like in England? If they only afforded a day's holiday to the overworked people, and produced a few score pounds for charity, they would amply repay the trouble and the expense they would occasion. But they would besides give the common people notions of national and local history, of which they have no idea; they would develop a taste for the study of history amongst all classes, would help powerfully to keep alive patriotism, and would show how much the world has altered. How eagerly would Walter Scott, if he were living, applaud a project for reviving in any town some memorable local event, with the personages, and the dresses, and the banners of the olden time! And certain it is that there are hundreds of antiquaries, and historical students, and literary men in all parts of England who would, if called on, joyfully aid in

reproducing, with historical fidelity, some one of the many great scenes and glorious pageants of our forefathers.

"Dramatic talent is dead!" has long been the cry in this country; and certain it is that a cursory glance at the play-bills of Paris of the present week would satisfy any one that it is well founded. For what these *affiches* announce are the old classical pieces, though familiar to every playgoer, in the ascendant at the Théâtre Français; the Odéon Théâtre, which is expressly "subventioned" for the encouragement of modern talent, shut up; the Vaudeville and the Gymnase, which pretend to a literary reputation, playing pieces which, to say the least, do not rise above mediocrity; the Variétés performing execrable vaudevilles; the Palais Royal absurd farces to empty benches; and the Porte Saint Martin and the Gaîté, two of the popular houses, actually obliged to revive melodramas first produced years ago, and which everybody had believed to be dead, buried and forgotten—the former that of the *Bohémiens de Paris*, the latter that of the *Chiens du Mont St. Bernard*! But we must not judge by the bills of one single week, especially when that week is in the very midst of summer,—a pestilential season for theatres: nor must we be blind to the fact that though French dramatists of these days do not, as a class, display the freshness, ingenuity, wit, and originality of their immediate predecessors, they number amongst them the younger Dumas, Augier, Barrière, and (to be good-natured) Ponsard, who cast no small *éclat* on the play-writing art.

New plays produced at this season when "everybody is out of town," and critics are savage that they cannot be away too, are generally speaking of such little importance that they need not be mentioned. But a word may be said of a little piece by Lafont, founded on some adventures of Ariosto, just brought out at the Theatre Français. It is neatly written and may be witnessed without *ennui*. It is not, however, of much dramatic interest.

The Asiatic Society of France held its annual meeting a few days ago—the thirty-sixth since its establishment. M. Mohl, the eminent Orientalist and member of the Institute, read a report on the various works on Oriental literature and science published in France and the rest of the world in the course of last year. Afterwards a paper was read by M. Reinaud giving an account of a newspaper in the Arab language, which was some time ago established at Beyrout, and which attains fair success. The journal in question, which is allowed to discuss freely all subjects except politics and religion, is represented to be well conducted. It is the first and the sole journal in the Arab language that has appeared in that part of the world.

KELLER'S ENGRAVING OF RAFAELLE'S  
'DISPUTA.'

Dresden, Wednesday.

THE attention of the lovers of Art is at the present moment attracted to an engraving on exhibition in the rooms of the Saxon Art Union—it is the so-called *Disputa*, by Raffaele, in the Stanze of the Vatican, engraved for the Art Union of the Rhine countries and Westphalia, by Professor Joseph Keller of Düsseldorf. The appearance of this work, to which the artist has devoted the labour of twelve years, has long been anticipated with no small interest, and it is not too much to say of it that it proves successful beyond all expectation. Few engravings of modern times will bear any comparison with it as regards the truth and correctness with which the glorious original is interpreted; and even in the mere matter of size it stands equally pre-eminent, the surface of the engraving, not including the architectural margin, covering an extent of 34 inches in length by 24 inches in height.

Two considerations, however, force themselves upon the attention of the intelligent spectator as important above all others in the contemplation of this admirable work:—

1st. The intellectual conception of Raffaele's work.

2d. The choice of the mechanical means for its interpretation.

As regards the first of these, the work bears upon it the unmistakable stamp of the truest artistic inspiration—of an inspiration which has so brought the spirit of the engraver into harmony with that of the artist, that those who have not visited Rome may be said now, through this faithful translation, to have seen Raffaele's work. The time alone necessary for the production of such a work, the prospect of intense and unceasing labour during so long a period of years, would in itself have deterred any other than a truly enthusiastic and inspired artist from such an undertaking. Inspiration and enthusiasm alone, however, would not have sufficed; profound artistic judgment was equally necessary to re-animate a work of art of such age—one in many ways injured and blackened by the hand of time. This task has been accomplished with rare success; the gold ground (now become black in the fresco), the masses of light in the air and background, are restored to their original brightness, and the tones of the lighter colours in the draperies and flesh are given in their varied gradations with vigour and truthfulness.

In reference to the mechanical means by which this restoration has been effected, we need only remark that for the connoisseur it is a source of rare and especial gratification to observe the skill with which the admirable engraver, availing himself by turns in the freest manner of the burin, the etching-needle, and the dry point, has succeeded in rendering the pictorial effect of colour in the original, without infringement on the severity of style in the drawing in any part whatever.

Germany may very justly be proud of the addition to her artistic fame which must result from the production by one of her sons of so important a work as that before us.

The name of *La Disputa del Sacramento*, by which this painting is generally known, is now almost universally admitted to be incorrect; there is nothing in the composition indicative either of a discussion upon the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, as has been asserted by some, or of a dispute regarding the doctrine of transubstantiation, as is more generally maintained. There are only in one corner of the painting any figures who appear to be engaged in contention. The fathers of the Church, seated near the altar, are in quiet discussion, or in attitudes of calm thoughtfulness. The other figures in the foreground are for the most part represented as listening with eagerness to the instructions of the teachers. One great subject appears to occupy all; but there is nothing to authorise the conclusion that this subject is transubstantiation in the sense in which it is understood by the Roman Catholic Church.

We avail ourselves of an intelligent description of the painting by Karl Schnaase, a learned and acute writer on Art, extracted from the "Correspondenz-Blatt" of the Rhenish Art Union:—

"It is well known to have been Raffaele's intention, in the fresco paintings of the *Camera della Segnatura*, amongst which this one is to be found, to represent the four pursuits or sciences (*Facultäten*) which belong to the higher intellectual life—theology, philosophy, arts, and jurisprudence.

"On the ceiling they are personified in separate figures—on the walls they are shown in their action among men. Jurisprudence, in action, is exhibited in the law-givers and fulfillers of the law; arts, in the assembly of celebrated poets, with their laurel crowns, around Mount Parnassus; philosophy, in groups of philosophers and mathematicians, teaching, speaking, and reading. In a similar manner the present painting represents the life of theology—of religion in her purely intellectual and scientific action. The teachers of the wisdom of this world are fittingly represented as assembled in halls richly adorned by Art (in the school of Athens): the edifice of their doctrines is earthly. The teachers of the Church meet together, the heavens above their heads; their doctrine comes from on high, and its transmission to them is here imaged forth.

"High above all is seen the Father of all wisdom and all life, sufficient unto Himself, and surrounded only by countless hosts of worshipping angels; He is but partially visible in bright and glorious form; beneath Him is seen Christ, enthroned, surrounded by a divine glory of rays, but approachable by us in His human form; John the Baptist, the pioneer of light, is near him, and Mary, the mother of our Lord, the personification of the gracious principle of mercy and reconciliation. In a semicircle around Him are the men of the Old and New Testament. They belong not to the contending church of this earth; their work is completed; they are seated on clouds in the kingdom of Heaven. From the throne of Christ the 'day-spring from on high' proceeds; we see the dove, the emblem of the Holy Spirit, descending with outspread wings, and on either side of it the gospels, borne by winged angels towards earth. If this group is rightly considered, there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the upper part of the painting; it is a symbolical representation of the Divine revelation—the descent of God's truth upon earth. The significance of the lower part of the composition is entirely explicable in accordance with this idea. We see here, in the centre, around the altar, four fathers of the Church, with other ecclesiastics—popes, bishops, monks; all figures easily recognisable as those of men celebrated for their researches into the Holy Scriptures. Farther from the centre of the painting are other ecclesiastics and laymen, chiefly unnamed figures, of which a few only resemble those of famous poets and profound thinkers. They point upwards, are lost in thoughtful contemplation or in the study of the sacred books, or are eagerly pressing forward for instruction from the great teachers. There can be no question but that, as in the upper part of the fresco, the sending forth of revelation, so here its reception and employment by human science is intended to be represented. It need be no matter of surprise that the Host stands in the midst of the fathers of the Church, since in order that the human teaching may be in harmony with the Divine revelation, the doctrine of redemption must be exhibited tangibly among men, the covenants must be renewed, and the presence of the Lord be made fruitful to the individual in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. That there is not in this any reference to the dogma of transubstantiation is sufficiently proved by the fact that Christ is not represented in immediate connection with the monstrance. Raffaele no doubt here accepted the significance of the monstrance as it was traditional in the Roman Catholic Church."

In reference to Keller's engraving, we need only further remark that we trust it may not be long before the British Museum adds this to its many treasures of Art. The fine engraving by Volpato, hitherto we believe considered as the best, after this work, will not bear comparison with this production of the modern German school of engraving.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. — At the meeting on June 23, Professor Phillips, President, in the chair, the following communications were read:—1. "On some points in the History and Formation of Etna." By Dr. H. Abich, For. Memb. G.S. (In a letter to Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.) In this letter the author explained his views of the stratification of the rocks in the Val di Bove, of the distribution, nature, and effects of the dykes, and the different characters of the lavas of successive ages in Etna, and stated his belief that the Val di Bove had originated in subsidence; and, pointing out the value of the peculiar outline of the mountain as illustrative of the double-coned origin of Etna, he described some dykes and rents that have been connected with the catastrophe, followed by the formation of the Val di Bove, which gave the chief features to Etna in its modern form. 2. "On the Lacustrine or Karéwah Deposits of Kashmir." By H. H. Godwin-Austen, Lieut. H.M. 24th Reg., Kashmir Survey. Com-

municated by R. Godwin-Austen, Esq., F.G.S. The author, in going up the Jhelum to Baramula, observed great quantities of granitic boulders at Kuthai, Oorie, and Gingle, where the river-valley widens out after having been narrowed by gorges. These blocks occur throughout the whole thickness of the alluvium, sometimes upwards of 200 feet, as seen in the sections where the nullahs cut through it. Mr. Vigne had supposed that these granite-boulders were originally brought across the Valley of Kashmir from Haramuk by ice or some other transporting agency, but the author observed no trace of such fragments along the supposed line of transport, except at the isolated localities above-mentioned. In pursuing his journey up the Jhelum by Baramula and Sopur through North Kashmir to the North Punjab Range, which he was occupied in surveying, the author was enabled to study the nature of the great alluvial deposits of Kashmir, constituting a formation of great thickness, and of which the Karéwah Hills, sometimes upwards of 300 feet in height, are formed. This alluvium or "Karéwah formation" is believed by Mr. H. Godwin-Austen to be purely of lacustrine origin. He found that it is always composed of detritus of local origin, containing granitic, basaltic, or calcareous fragments, according to the nature of the mountains in the background, from which the materials had been derived; and that the coarser constituents lie near the mountains, whilst finer and finer detritus is discernible in the beds towards the plains. Subsequently examining the heights above the Jhelum outside the Baramula Pass, the author found the granitic rocks in place from whence the granite-boulders of the valley-deposits at Kuthai, Oorie, and Gingle had been derived. A journey through the Valley of Kashmir, past the old buried city, and by Islamabad and Shahbad, to survey the country traversed by the Chunar and Kishtwar Rivers, and overlooked by the Brahma Mountain, 22,000 feet high, still further illustrated the author's views of the local origin of the great alluvial or lacustrine deposits of the country,—which, whether formed in the outer and smaller basins, or in the great Kashmir Valley, appear to have been the slow result of atmospheric agencies, operating on this very ancient land, from the time of its first exposure as a highly dislocated tract of tertiary and secondary strata entangled in an irregular trough or basin of crystalline and granitic rocks, until the period when the gradual disintegration of the surface had filled up the step-like cavities with local lacustrine deposits. Subsequently the drainage of the country has not only shaped the Karéwah Hills out of these sediments, but has cut through these deposits, often deep into the underlying rock, and, clearing out the gravels and boulders from the choked gorges of the Jhelum at Baramula, has reduced the waters of the old lake of Kashmir to its present narrow limits. Hence the buried condition of the old city and its temple, and other local phenomena, may be accounted for, without recourse being had to the supposition of successive subsidences and upheavals which has been sometimes advanced. 3. "On the Black Mica of the Granite of Leinster and Donegal." By the Rev. S. Houghton, F.G.S. The black mica accompanying the white margarite of the Leinster granite, similar mica at Ballyellin, Carlow, and the black mica found in the Poison Glen, leading to the pass of Ballygheen, in Donegal, have been carefully examined by the author, and he regards the black mica of Donegal as certainly identical with that of Carlow and Leinster, and probably the same as the black mica from Petersburg, Wermland, described as Lepidomelane by Soltmann. 4. "On an Outlier of Lias in Banffshire." By T. F. Jamieson, Esq. (In a letter to Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S.) In a cutting of the Banff and Turriff Railway, about four miles to the north of Turriff, there has been exposed a thick mass of tenacious blue clay, containing *Ammonites*, *Belonites*, *Gryphaeae*, *Plagiostomata*, and other fossils of Liassic character. The author explained his reasons for regarding this clay as being a fragment of the Lias *in situ*, and noticed the interest belonging to it as being

perhaps the most eastern Liassic outlier in Scotland. 5. "Notes on a Collection of Australian Fossils in the Museum of the Nat. Hist. Soc. Worcester." By Professor Owen, F.R.S., F.G.S. By the examination of a series of mammalian fossils sent from the Condamine River and Darling Downs, and now in the Worcester Museum, and of casts of the cranium, upper jaw, and teeth of Macleay's "Zygomaturus," communicated by the Trustees of the Sydney Museum, Professor Owen has been able to demonstrate that this cranium belongs, as he suggested in a paper lately read before the Society, to his genus *Nototherium*, and to the species which he had dedicated to the late Sir T. Mitchell. A smaller species, provisionally named *Nototherium inerme*, was also established by Professor Owen on some of the specimens examined; but he thinks it not improbable that with additional materials it might be found that these two forms may represent the male and female of one species.

6. "On the Occurrence of some Tertiary Fossils at Chisleat, near Canterbury." By John Brown, Esq., F.G.S. With Notes on the Species, by G. B. Sowerby, Esq., F.L.S. These fossils were found by Mr. Brown in a small exposure of sand and clay beds, in a garden on a hill-side in the parish of Chisleat, Kent. The beds would appear, according to Mr. Prestwich's section of that county, to belong to his "Lower London Tertiaries," but of the thirty-six species of Shells, Cirripeds, and Foraminifera met with—thirteen are forms found also in the Crag; nine are English Lower Tertiary forms; two are Belgian Tertiary forms; and four are new species.

7. "On the Fossil Crustacean found by Mr. Kirby in the Magnesian Limestone of Durham, and on a new species of Amphipod." By Spence Bate, Esq. (Communicated by Dr. Falconer, F.G.S.) In this paper Mr. Bate described a new recent Amphipodous Crustacean, which he believes to represent some of the fossil crustacean remains lately described by Mr. Kirby in the Society's Journal, under the name of *Protoponiscus problematicus*.

8. "On *Eurypterus*." By J. W. Salter, Esq., F.G.S. The author gave a history of what is known about this genus—described several new or little known species—and observed that the range of the genus is confined to the Ludlow, Devonian, and Lower Carboniferous strata. The new species described were—*Eurypterus Symondsii*, *E. pygmaeus*, *E. megalops*, *E. acuminatus*, *E. linearis*, *E. abbreviatus*, and *E. Aquila-chartacea*. *E. Scouleri*, Hibbert, *E. Cephalopis*, Salter, *E. tetragonophthalmus*, Fischer, *E. remipes*, DeKay, and *E. lacustris*, Harlan, complete the list of the known species of this genus.

9. "Description of a New Fossil Crustacean from the Lower Greensand of Atherfield." By Charles Gould, Esq. (Communicated by Professor Huxley, F.G.S.) This is a macrourous crustacean, of rare occurrence, named by the author *Mithracites Vectensis*, and is related to the equally rare *Mithracius* of Bell (tertiary).

The next Meeting of the Society will be held November 3rd, 1855.

**CIVIL ENGINEERS.**—The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers have just awarded the following Premiums for Papers read at the Meetings during the past session:—A Telford Medal, to James Atkinson Longridge, M. Inst. C.E., and a Council Premium of books, to Charles Henry Brooks, for their Paper "On Submerging Telegraphic Cables."—A Telford Medal, to George Robertson, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his "Investigation into the Theory and Practice of Hydraulic Mortar."—A Telford Medal, to James Henderson, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his Paper "On the Methods generally employed in Cornwall in dressing Tin and Copper Ores."—A Telford Medal, to Robert Jacob Hood, M. Inst. C.E., for his Paper "On the Arrangement and Construction of Railway Stations."—A Telford Medal, to Major-General George Borlase Tremeneere, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his Paper "On Public Works in the Bengal Presidency."—A Telford Medal, to Alfred Giles, M. Inst. C.E., for his Paper "On the Construction of the Southampton Docks."—A Watt Medal,

and the Manby Premium, to Guildford Lindsay Molesworth, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his Paper "On the Conversion of Wood by Machinery."—A Watt Medal, to Thomas Spencer Sawyer, for his Paper "On the Principal Self-acting and other Tools employed in the Manufacture of Engines, Steam Boilers, &c."—A Council Premium of books, suitably bound and inscribed, to Frederick Charles Webb, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his Paper "On the Practical Operations connected with Paying-out and Repairing Submarine Telegraph Cables."—A Council Premium of books, suitably bound and inscribed, to Henry Conybeare, M. Inst. C.E., for his "Description of Works recently executed for the Water Supply of Bombay, in the East Indies."—A Council Premium of books, suitably bound and inscribed, to Samuel Alfred Varley, for his Paper "On the Qualifications requisite in a Submarine Cable, for most efficiently transmitting Messages between distant Stations."—A Council Premium of books, suitably bound and inscribed, to Richard Carden Despard, for his "Description of Improvements on the Second Division of the River Lee, with Remarks on the Position of Canals generally."—A Council Premium of books, suitably bound and inscribed, to Alexander Wright, Assoc. Inst. C.E., for his Paper "On Lighting Mines by Gas."—A Council Premium of books, suitably bound and inscribed, to James Brunlees, M. Inst. C.E., for his "Description of the Iron Viaducts erected across the Estuaries Leven and Kent in Morecambe Bay, for the Ulverstone and Lancaster Railway." Two of these awards, the Watt Medal and the Manby Premium, are now presented for the first time. The former originated with the Council, who were desirous of possessing some distinctive means of rewarding excellence in communications upon mechanical subjects. The medal has been executed by Mr. Joseph S. Wyon. On the obverse is a beautifully executed medallion likeness of James Watt, and on the reverse a representation of the steam engine as constructed by him. The Manby Premium is due to the liberality of Mr. Charles Manby, F.R.S., who has filled the office of Secretary for the last nineteen years, and with so much satisfaction to the members, that a few months back, they presented him with a clock and candelabra and a cheque for 2000*l*. In acknowledging this handsome testimony of his services, Mr. Manby requested that the Council would receive debenture stock of the value of 200*l*. bearing 5 per cent. interest, to be expended in an annual premium. In accepting this offer, it was resolved that the premium in question should bear the title of the "Manby Premium."

**LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—A well-attended meeting of this Society was held in Myddleton Hall, Islington, on Wednesday evening, George Godwin, Esq., in the Chair. Papers were read by Mr. Deputy Lott, on Sir Richard Whittington; by the Rev. Thomas Hugo, on Mediaeval Pilgrimages and their Memorials, in illustration of his fine collection of Pilgrims' Signs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and by Professor Tennant, on the Regalia in the Tower.

#### FINE ARTS.

**THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF ART-MANUFACTURE, DESIGNED OR EXECUTED BY STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOLS OF ART IN CONNECTION WITH THE SCIENCE AND ART-DEPARTMENT, SOUTH KENSINGTON.**

It was high time that there should be such an exhibition as this. Under one title or another, and under very different systems of management, these schools have now been one-and-twenty years in operation; but the general public has hitherto had scanty means of forming a judgment on the amount of success which has attended them. Reports of their proceedings have been periodically imbedded in Blue Books, and there have been annual awards of prizes to the students and exhibitions of their drawings; but there has been little to tell what the students have accom-

plished after leaving the schools. The authorities have claimed as the result of the direct or indirect influence of the schools the improvement which is admitted to have taken place since their institution in the character of English Ornamental Art. But in so doing they assuredly claim too much: since they overlook the fact that the foundation of Schools of Design was a consequence of the public taste having already become aroused to a conviction of the inferiority of English Art-Manufacture; and they can hardly have taken into account the steady improvement in public taste which has ever since been going on; the effects of the increased intercourse with the continent, and the enormous introduction of foreign articles of taste and luxury; the stimulus afforded by rivalry in international exhibitions and commercial competition—in a word the numberless influences at work which have combined to make the England of to-day so different in matters of taste, as in most other matters, from the England of a quarter of a century ago. On the other hand both in private, and when the annual vote has been taken in the House of Commons, manufacturers and others specially interested in works of an ornamental character are heard to declare that British Art-Manufacture has derived little if any direct gain from the operation of the schools, and that masters have found the students very incompetent designers.

Both of these may be extreme views. Certain it is, however, that while the schools have not been unproductive of real benefit, they have not effected as much as at their institution they were expected to effect in the course of twenty years. It is certain also that the students even now do not meet with engagements as designers as readily as might have been hoped, or secure commonly the amount of confidence which would lead employers to intrust to their hands the execution of their more important works. Both Mr. Wallis, the Special Superintendent of this Exhibition, in the Introduction to the Catalogue, and Mr. Cole, the Secretary and General Superintendent to the Department of Art, in his lecture delivered at the Museum last November, admit or imply this. It is seen if we look at the works exhibited here. It will be seen equally if we ask who are the chief designers in our great establishments of Ornamental Art. It is in ceramic ware, for instance, that our greatest advance as Art-manufacturers has been made, and that our greatest triumphs have been obtained, and the works of Messrs. Minton and Copeland are those which have taken the lead in this most successful movement. At Minton's the superintendent and chief designer has been M. Arnoux, a Frenchman; at Copeland's the same post has been held by Mr. Battam, an Englishman but not a student of the Schools of Art. At this exhibition we were at once attracted to the magnificent cabinet sent by Messrs. Graham and Jackson, which forms the leading feature of the display, and which obtained a gold medal at the French International Exhibition of 1855; but we were scarcely surprised, though a little disappointed, to find that it really had only the slightest claim to a place in the exhibition at all, the designer of it being M. Eugene Prignot "who has now been principal designer to the firm for six years;" the modellers three Frenchmen; and of all the assistants engaged in its construction (all of them being named) only one, Mr. Grey, is mentioned as a student of the Schools of Art: it was of course for his share in the work—four porcelain plaques very nicely painted by him, but "after designs by MM. Remon and Polish,"—that the cabinet was sent to this exhibition. So again two other of the larger and more costly pieces of furniture here, an ebony cabinet (No. 395), and an ebony sideboard (No. 398), though designed by a professor (Gottfried Semper) of the Schools of Art, are here because in one instance the drawings of the design were enlarged, and in the other because a porcelain plaque was painted by a student. On the other hand we gladly call attention to the fact that two of the more costly pieces of furniture here were designed by an old student, Mr. R.

Beavis, the one being a well proportioned and very elegant Garde Robe (No. 396), the other a Wine-Cooler (No. 397), carved in walnut wood, in a bold and manly style by Mr. Mark Rogers, another student.

This unfrequent employment of the students as designers may be due to prejudice and want of taste on the part of manufacturers, or it may be due to some want of adaptation in the school system to the requirements of the case. Perhaps to both. It is said in the Introduction to the Catalogue that those who have passed through the schools are admitted on all hands to be more intelligent *workmen* than those of their age and standing who have not passed through the schools, but that they are chiefly engaged in a subordinate capacity in executing trade designs produced by persons "thoroughly acquainted with modes of production and the commercial notions of their employer or his customers. Art," it is added, "stands little chance in the market under such circumstances, because the buyer seeks rather for novelty than truth." But we are elsewhere told that "in those instances where former students have the control of the designing departments, the more severe principles inculcated by the instruction given in the School are acknowledged, and, as far as circumstances will permit, are practically followed out."

Now in passages like these we suspect may be found some explanation of the indifferent success of the student designers. Severe principles of Art, Truth rather than Novelty, and the like, sound well from the professor's chair, and may be repeated by the teacher, but their echoes die away within the walls of the schools: at any rate they are hardly likely to influence the manufacturer or the purchaser. Nor do we believe that they are sound axioms in Art-manufacture or Ornamental Art. Without inquiring too curiously what is meant by "severe principles," we may doubt whether "severity," in any sense in which the word can be applied, has at any time been a characteristic of Ornamental Art. Rather has Ornamental Art we fancy been distinguished from what is called emphatically Fine Art by its want of severity—we might almost say by its playfulness of style. The Greeks, indeed, in their ornamental works—in their vases, for example, to take the highest class—displayed the exquisite grace and symmetry of form which they never failed to observe in every department of Art. But in the decoration they gave free play to their fancy. The same may be said of the Etruscans, of the Orientals of all kinds, of the Moors of Spain. Medieval architecture is grand, even solemn in form and mass, but in the decoration alike of its exterior and interior the old carvers in wood and stone gave the rein to a somewhat riotous fancy. So did the old monks in the illuminations of their manuscripts. Renaissance ornamental Art of every kind is without a trace of severity. Even in productions like the gates of Ghiberti, and the silver work of Cellini, we see sculptors of no ordinary rank running into the utmost exuberance of style, and judges as severe as Michael Angelo lauding them as approaching as nearly as possible to perfection. And in our own day what is it that makes French ornamental work so much in favour with persons of the most cultivated taste, but the *abandon* with which the designer lavishes his unflinching stores of fancy and invention—sometimes graceful sometimes grotesque, sometimes whimsical sometimes wanton, but always novel and always piquant, and never without the artistic finish which shows at once the designer's enjoyment in his work, and the technical skill of the workman? Moreover, it is as much a mistake to decry novelty as to inculcate severity in Art-manufacture. Novelty is its very life. Not novelty as opposed to truth, but novelty with truth. Novelty is indeed usually but a fresh appreciation of an old or universal truth, when from its repetition in the old form it has degenerated into a truism. To teach the designer to undervalue novelty is to ensure his failure. The love of novelty in matters of luxury is universal. It may be well to direct the feet of

the epic poet, the classic sculptor, or the historical painter in the old paths; but what chance would there be for the novelist, the essayist, or the dramatist, or any one in the sister-arts who has to provide for the amusement of the passing day, if he were guided only by "severe principles" and eschewed novelty?

Perhaps, after all, the "severe principles" and "truth rather than novelty," which are to be the load-stars of the students, may be only sonorous phrases which do not really influence practically the teaching at Kensington. But we confess that we fear from what we have seen of the instruction there that there is too much of mere formal academic precision, too much loftiness of aim inculcated. The student when he leaves the school can draw very neatly and exactly; but it is a prim academic inflexible manner that he has acquired. He can construct a design in accordance with strictly scientific rules; but he has little freedom of invention, and little warmth of fancy.

It may be said that invention cannot be taught, that fancy and imagination cannot be imparted. Very true. But invention may be stimulated: to fancy and imagination may be furnished the means of expression. The truth is that the student in Ornamental Art must, in order to succeed as a designer, somehow acquire perfect fluency, so to speak, of pencil—the power to express readily any stray fancy, as well as to draw a pattern accurately. In other words, he must draw correctly, and sketch with facility. Sound principles of design, correct taste, of course he must have also: but the main thing is that he should acquire that self-reliance which a thorough mastery over his tools alone can give; and then (supposing him to have an intimate practical acquaintance with the branch of manufacture for which he purposes to design, without which we believe full success to be impossible, as Cellini would never have been the designer he was if he had not been himself a modeller, caster, and chaser in silver), we might hope to see him gathering the materials of design from every field in nature and art to which he has access, and allowing a disciplined fancy to sport freely among an ample store of materials, new as well as old.

We have preferred on this occasion rather to speak generally on our system of training in ornamental design, than to examine in detail the works in this exhibition. In the words of the Introduction to the Catalogue, "the obvious difficulties of the task," the trade jealousies of some manufacturers and the indifference of others, and the false pride or shame of designers, have so far interfered with the obtaining of satisfactory works as only to allow it to "illustrate in some degree, and on a moderate scale, the action of the Schools of Art throughout the country, in relation to manufacturing industry." It must be regarded therefore as an incomplete exposition of the working of the Schools of Art; but as far as it goes we believe it to be a very fair, and by no means unfavourable one.

In glass—to follow the order of the Catalogue—the display is small, and the articles are mostly small also. The designs by former students are some respectable, some decidedly bad, but the engraving is generally good: especially is it so in the very chaste Blue Glass Goblet (No. 11) by W. J. Muckley; and some of the articles (in Case No. 1) by Mr. Davies and Mr. Silvers. In most of the branches of manufacture exhibited here, indeed, we may observe at once that the handiwork of the students is highly creditable.

In ceramic ware there is a larger display, and a few of the designs by students show some fancy, as in the Pair of Vases (Nos. 27 and 28), by E. Chetwynd, manufactured by Minton; the gold tracery of the China Saucer (No. 97), by Geo. Rhead, also manufactured by Minton, and two or three others; but the designs generally though tasteful are rather tame. The painting—in several instances executed by female students—is for the most part very charmingly done. The imitation Limoges and Majolica is extremely clever, but it is—imitation. Minton's floor tiles, and his earthenware printed wall-tiles are bold in style

and well painted, though not equal in design to some we have seen of his manufacture. Much of the best work in this ceramic department we must note is designed and modelled by the French designers, MM. Hugues Protat and Emile Jeannet, and scarcely in the right place here; while some things, very clever in their way, as the Dinner and Breakfast Service (No. 12), by Mr. Wilson, head master of the School at Glasgow, but as far as we can see never a pupil in the Schools, are admitted on grounds which we do not understand. Many of the articles in this ceramic department are, as specimens of manufacture, as near perfection as we can imagine; but certainly, recollecting what has been accomplished in this ware during the last few years, if the specimens of designs by former students exhibited here be at all a fair illustration of their share in the work, it is not by any means satisfactory.

Passing to metal work, we have a large and showy display of stoves and mantelpieces, admirably executed, and some well designed. The mantelpieces designed and modelled by Mr. E. Jefferson are in a much better manner than we are accustomed to see such articles. One (No. 222) entitled 'Art Mantelpiece'; subject, Shakespeare, and types of expression suggested by his works, is a very ambitious affair; but we prefer No. 221, 'subject, the Chase,' the modelling of which, in high relief, is very excellent: the manufacturer of these works, Mr. Potts, of Handsworth, Birmingham, deserves every credit for his share in their production. A Berlin black 'Cast-iron Mantelpiece' (No. 226), designed by C. Green, of Sheffield, and manufactured by Watson, Redmayne, and Co., of Rotherham, deserves mention as being, according to the Catalogue, "a very remarkable instance of cheap manufacture in connection with Art," but the actual price should have been stated, as if by 'cheap' is meant 'low-priced,' then it is a remarkable production. In any case the design is a chaste and pleasing one. The jambs have a good arabesque scroll in high relief on a sunk panel, the beam has a flowing cinque-cento scroll with a head in the centre. Many of the bright steel stoves are very creditable to their designers—especially those by Mr. W. Ellis and Mr. J. Fish, of Sheffield; and Mr. Hoyle has an excellent bronze fender and 'independent fire-iron supports.' The mediæval brass-work is also good in its way.

In silver and plated ware our designers exhibit considerable proficiency. A very promising designer appears to have been lost in the late Mr. John Guest, of Birmingham. There are several little bas-reliefs in oxidised silver by him, which exhibit much inventive power and feeling. Some of his children and Cupidons have quite a relish of Fiammingo. Mr. G. Wallis's presentation vase in silver, 'Honour to Skilled Labour' (No. 339), shows that the Birmingham school lost a competent hand in losing its head-master. Another master, formerly a pupil—Mr. C. P. Slocombe—adds a creditable illustration of successful teaching in the schools. His work is a Presentation Vase (No. 368) of good form, but with a base far too heavy, and, like the handles, too architectural in character. Her Majesty has contributed to this section of the exhibition a rich 'silver-plated and parcel-gilt oxidised table' (No. 340), manufactured by Elkingtons, the pedestal of which was designed and modelled by Clark Stanton, of Birmingham. The base of the pedestal is formed by three antique grotesque lions, and the stem by three nude terminal female figures. Messrs. Hunt and Roskell send some fine things: the most striking are the so-called 'Chester Cup for 1858' (No. 371), but which is really a group in silver of 'William the Conqueror conferring the Earldom of Chester upon his nephew, Hugh Lupus;' and a statuette in bronze of William the Conqueror (No. 370), both designed and modelled by Mr. H. H. Armstead, and, allowing for a little superabundance of muscular marking, and intensity of expression, both works of great ability. But Mr. Armstead has probably obtained a higher reputation than any other pupil of the London school; and that unusual ability in a designer will secure encouragement is evidenced by the photographs

here exhibited of other important works designed by him.

The jewellery may be passed over with a word; it is excellent in workmanship and good in intention, but almost wholly wanting the fancifulness which is almost invariably seen in French jewellery, and which seems to be a necessary quality in such articles. Here are none of those pleasant conceits and dainty devices that catch the fancy of my lady, and appear such choice presents to her lord or her lover. There is nothing to complain of in them, but there is nothing to allure.

The furniture we have sufficiently referred to already. Some carvings by Mr. Perry, however, must not be passed over. A medallion in lime-wood (No. 400), 'Evening—the Nightingale,' the property of her Majesty, and its companion (No. 401), 'Morning—the Lark,' the property of Mr. J. T. Hope, are alike admirable for the delicacy and finish of the carving and the truth of the forms. The precise curve of the leaves and petals in the lilies-of-the-valley which surround the one, and the cowslips from which the lark is springing in the other, and almost their very surface, are caught; as are also the form and action of the birds, down to the ruffled feathers of the songster's swelling throat. But even more elaborate in finish, and equally true in the several parts, is a large clock-case, carved in box-wood, subject 'Spring,' the property of Mr. D. C. Marjoribanks. Here on the branches of a pollard oak which supports the clock, we have half-a-dozen of the common song-birds of the season; a snake is peering out of a hole in the tree; daisies, pansies, and other spring flowers, dapple the ground; a water-lily lies heavily on the margin of a brook. It is hardly possible to praise too highly the careful and delicate execution, or the observation of nature shown in birds and flowers—notice for example the position half-perched half-timid of the wren—and there is a good deal of skill in the arrangement. But if Mr. Perry would rival Grinling Gibbons—and he ought to aspire to that—he must venture more boldly than he seems yet to have done. If he have imagination or even fancy comparable with his executive skill, and will call them into exercise, he has a distinguished career before him.

But we must conclude. There are *papier mâché* goods; lace; linen and woollen and printed fabrics; silks and ribbons; carpets; tapestry; paper-hangings, and so forth, to be noticed; but we have no space to notice them; and we can only afford a word of commendation for the colossal terra cotta heads of painters, architects, and designers, which are to be placed at a height of 40 feet in the *façade* of the School of Art at Sheffield; and another for Mr. Ruddock's statuettes.

We have sufficiently indicated our impression of the exhibition as illustrative of the instruction imparted in our Schools of Art. But we cannot part from it without repeating our conviction that the English designer must learn to draw with more facility, sketch with more rapidity, design with more freedom, and finish with more heartiness—from the love of excellence as well as from the stimulus of pay—before he can expect to equal his French rivals. Once he is equally master of his craft, however, he will we believe more than rival them. The French designer with all his brilliancy of fancy, inventive power, and technical ability is still a Frenchman—retaining all a Frenchman's idiosyncracies and exuberances. He has little of the cosmopolitanism of the great artist. His tastes are Parisian, and he designs for Paris. Let design of equal technical excellence, but of a chaster tone, be produced, and in the English market it will assuredly be preferred; and we believe it will be preferred in the wider market of the world also.

Our remarks have had reference mainly to works of strictly Ornamental Art. In articles of common use England has always been ahead of France, in form and finish as well as in excellence of material and manufacture. What we may fairly hope from the influence of our Central School of Art, and its

sixty-nine associated provincial schools, is that whilst in articles of ordinary use the old excellence of workmanship is maintained something more of artistic elegance and ornament will be added, and thus our superiority be not merely preserved but increased.

### THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The revival of Sig. Verdi's loud and feeble *Nino* (*Nabucco*) seems likely to serve as the *coup de grâce* for Madlle. Spezia. This lady, since the engagement of Madlle. Titiens, who answers the purpose of the management better, has been what is commonly termed "shelved." It was hardly worth while taking her down again, if only to bring her forward in the part of *Abigail*—unless a warning was intended to other singers who might feel inclined to resuscitate more of those operas which Sig. Verdi wrote long before the *Traviata* and *Travatore* epoch. Of these *Nino* is the only one that now keeps the stage, and it will be a happy day for Italian vocalists when its term of longevity has expired. Madlle. Spezia presents an example of the ravages which constant practice of such music must entail, even upon physical resources the most abundant. Still young and vigorous, endowed with a handsome person and unmistakable intelligence, her intentions are always excellent. Her energy, too, is remarkable; but the organ does not answer to the touch. Madlle. Spezia's upper tones are hopelessly worn, while she can hardly sustain a note, high or low, for any lengthened period, without degenerating into that "tremolo" (St. Verdi's dance?) which is the Nemesis of so many fine voices and promising singers. Sig. Beneventano's *Nino* was a piece of evenly sustained bombast, which at one point, the *cabaletta* "O prodi mei," when the Assyrian monarch, having recovered his reason, resumes the sword, and harangues his warriors—produced an effect on the audience quite uncongential to tragic delineations—lyric or otherwise. The *Fenena* was Madame Ghioni, who, though possessing some good qualities, is inferior to Made-moiselle Ramos, who impersonated the character last season. Sig. Mercuriali (*Abdallah*) was a singularly incompetent "first tenor." *Nino* has not been repeated.

*Don Giovanni* was given on Thursday, and to-night we are promised Mr. Balfe's *Zingara* (*Bohemian Girl*), in which Mademoiselle Alboni, for whom the composer is said to have written a new "cavatina," is to take the part of the *Gipsy Queen*. There can be no special objection to *La Zingara*; but if the Italian repertory, ancient and modern, is so impoverished that it must needs have recourse to Mr. Balfe, it may perhaps be as well to insist that he has composed operas, both much cleverer and much better fitted for the Italian stage. There seems to be an opinion that Mr. Balfe's whole stock in trade is represented by *The Bohemian Girl*; and yet, nothing can be more erroneous.

The season terminates on Saturday the 17th inst., after which a series of performances at reduced prices are to be given.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Monday, the first "extra night," Sig. Verdi's *Travatore* was placed upon the stage, with all that care and liberality for which the director of the new theatre appears determined to win credit. We should have been more pleased to see the same resources lavished on something more healthy and less hackneyed. Sig. Mario and Mme. Grisi (*Manrico* and *Leonora*) were singing and acting their best. Madlle. Nantier Didée, Sigs. Grazioni and Tagliafico were also in the cast, which was precisely the same as at the Lyceum last year, the performance being in every respect as good, while the *nice en scène* enjoyed the advantage of a greatly enlarged arena. By the way, Mr. W. Beverley, whose scenery deserves and obtains such high praise, can bear to be reminded that his skies are not always true to nature, of which lack of truth instances are afforded in the *Travatore*. We have some experience of atmospheric phenomena, but

we never saw skies so curiously cut up as those in the second and third "tableaux" of the *Travatore*.

*Martha* has been twice repeated, and the music does not improve on closer acquaintance. A weaker parody of the French school has rarely been invented. Were it not for "The Last Rose of Summer" (which is as *un-French* as melody can well be), Herr Flotow's opera would scarcely pass muster, even in the present time of dearth. The more genial *Otello* was given for the second time on Tuesday, and is announced for the third time to-night. Meanwhile, *Zampa* (for Sig. Tambrilic) and *Don Giovanni* (for Sig. Mario) are in preparation.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith's Italian Opera must be taken *cum grano salis*. It is not, and has no pretensions to be, a first-class entertainment, formed to propitiate the *Aristarchi*, or to delight the less critical "exquisites" of fashionable life. Nevertheless, if the orchestra and chorus over which Sig. Vianesi wastes so much zeal to no purpose, were tolerable, it would be a capital entertainment at the price. Mr. Smith, like several of his predecessors, believes these accessories to be of secondary (if of any) importance; but, unhappily for his present enterprise, this is a grave mistake; and if he has failed, with so many good artists at command, it must in a great measure be attributed to incompetency in a department which is of the utmost consequence to musical effect. Viardot Garcia and Mme. Persiani being added to the company, the Drury Lane manager boasts no fewer than four "prime donne *assolutes*," the other two being Mesdames Salvini Donatelli and Fumagalli. He has, besides, three tenors—Sig. Naudin, Messrs. Perren and Charles Braham; and three barytones—Sigs. Badiali, Kovere and Mattioli: not to mention basses and *contralti*, of more questionable standing. And yet, with all this array of vocal talent, he has been unable to present one work efficiently. We may possibly return to Mr. Smith's speculation, and to the subject of Italian Opera in general, of which we cannot help thinking there exists just now a superfluity.

CONCERTS.—We have reached pretty nearly the end of the concert season. The Philharmonic Society, the New Philharmonic Concerts, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Vocal Association, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, the Musical Union, &c., have one and all seen the end of their labours for the present year. The Classical Chamber Concerts, too, are over, the last of Mr. Charles Hallé's—who brings up the rear—having taken place on Thursday afternoon in Willis's Rooms. At this there was a very interesting revival in the shape of Mozart's concerto in E flat, for two pianofortes, with orchestral accompaniments. The rage for the old masters, now at its height, may in some degree be traced to the barrenness of the actual era, as an era of original musical creation. There are no composers, except indifferent or bad composers, and although these produce with great activity, they cannot of course satisfy the growing taste for music which is a characteristic of the times. Such being the state of things, we can hardly have too much of Mozart, who before all others represents the art in its highest purity. Moreover, the double concerto in E flat is a genuine work of the master, as instinct with melodious inspiration as it is marked by that symmetry of form, in which none ever excelled (and how few have equalled, in their happiest moments!) the composer of *Don Giovanni*. The execution of the first pianoforte part was confided to Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Hallé himself taking the second; the one post being as honourable and as difficult to maintain as the other. From two players of such eminence, backed by an orchestra, excellent though few in number, a fortunate performance was naturally looked for; and the result surpassed anticipation. M. Sainton on the violin, and Sig. Piatti on the violoncello, were respectively associated with Mr. Hallé in Mendelssohn's second trio, and Beethoven's sonata in G (Op. 90). Sig. Piatti also contributed a solo, and played so in-

comparably as to make it regretted that the piece he selected (one of his own composition) should have been of so trivial a character. The only pianoforte solo was Clementi's rarely heard sonata in G minor (Op. 34), to which Mr. Hallé had already introduced his patrons. The repetition of this fine work was warranted by its great success on the previous occasion.

The theatres continue to withhold from the critic any opportunity of recording novelty, nor would it be very reasonable to expect a manager to produce a new piece when audiences are throwing stones into the sea at our own watering places, or essaying inconceivably objectionable German on the Rhine. Her Majesty, one of the truest and best supporters of the drama, has left town for Osborne, to renovate her strength for the hospitalities and cannonading of Cherbourg; and Parliament, having passed the Budget and slain the India Company, will not linger much longer. Last nights of Opera subscriptions are announced, and, in short, the season is moribund. The lessee of the Haymarket brings his campaign to a close this evening, and revives for his benefit the comedy of the *Way to Keep Him*, which we do not remember to have seen on the bills since it was performed at the same theatre, with Mr. Vandenhoff as the gentleman who was to be kept, Miss Ellen Tree as the lady who was to keep him, and Miss Taylor as the lady who rather interfered with the keeping. Dates are melancholy things, and perhaps should be excluded from all compositions but epitaphs. We hope that Mr. Buckstone has been successful in a pecuniary sense, for he has felt his duty as a manager, and has done his best to present the public with good entertainments. Where he has failed, the fault has not been his own—we are not Egyptian enough to demand that bricks shall be made without straw.

**BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—The outline of the intended performances, together with the names of the principal singers who have been engaged by the committee for this approaching musical celebration, appears elsewhere. As *soprani* we have Madame Clara Novello and Madame Castellan. Mademoiselle Victoire Balfe is, as yet, but little known in the provinces, and her debut at a Birmingham Festival will naturally excite interest. The list of *contraltis* is strong. It includes Mademoiselle Albani, Madame Viardot, and Miss Dolby. As regards *tenors*, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Tamberlik, are named as the executive staff of this important branch of the music. As *bassi* there will be Signor Belletti and Mr. Weiss. For the evening concerts we have Signor Ronconi. The list is a goodly one, and promises well for the Festival.

#### MISCELLANEA.

**Ary Scheffer.** Having presented our own memoir of this illustrious artist, we add a brief extract from a notice of his works which has appeared in our excellent contemporary, the *Continental Review*.

"Ary Scheffer began to exhibit his pictures in the great hall of the Louvre in 1812. The first thing which he exhibited was, if I am right, the picture of 'Abel Singing the Praises of the Lord,' a feeble production, which attracted very little notice. When the romantic school began to establish itself in France, Ary Scheffer was one of the first to take up the new idea with that warmth of enthusiasm which was characteristic of him. At the Exhibitions of 1817 and 1819 he exhibited his pictures of the 'Death of St. Louis' and the 'Self-Devotion of the Burgesses of Calais.' In 1822 the exhibition of his now celebrated 'Francesca di Rimini' gave him at once a high position among the phalanx of young artists who at that period began to show their strength. That date of 1822 is memorable, for it is also marked by the appearance of Eugène Delacroix's famous picture of 'Dante aux Enfers.' The period comprised between 1820 and 1830 was assuredly for

the fine arts a period in which they assumed a decided character. While the political world was agitated, tumultuous, and on the eve of a revolution which was so soon to overturn the established order of things, a revolution of a very remarkable nature was produced in the world of Art. The object which the insurgents pursued was a very simple one—namely, to substitute for the unity and the despotism of the school of Louis David the freedom and independence of individual taste. Géricault gave the signal in 1820, by raising the flag of the young school in his 'Wreck of the Medusa.' In the following years the public hailed with acclamations the 'Massacre of Scio,' and the 'Christ in the Garden of Olives,' by Eugène Delacroix, and the 'Francesca di Rimini' of which we have just spoken, and two other pictures by Ary Scheffer, the 'Soulless Woman,' and the 'Death of Gaston de Foix.' Let us remark that at the same time as a protest against these bold novelties, but as heralding a change also of a different kind, M. Ingres exhibited the 'Vow of Louis XIII,' the 'Apotheosis,' and the 'Homer.' Thus Ingres, Géricault, Delacroix, and Scheffer, though in point of years of different ages, appeared to advance abreast in this great race. It was a great day for the arts, and it will ever be to the honour of Ary Scheffer that he took an important and prominent part in the resuscitation of an art which the imitators of David were bringing to a slow but apparently certain extinction."

**ANCIENT DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN FRANCE.—ANGLE TURRETS.**—The early châteaux were ordinarily built on the summits of mountains, were fortified with crenellated and machicolated towers, and filled with a hundred ingenious obstacles to the progress of those who might desire to gain possession of them by force or stratagem. At the end of the fifteenth century, however, residences ceased to be fortified, they were embellished: their builders gave up with joy the narrow and inconvenient stairs, formed often in the thickness of the walls, and to obtain more commodious and agreeable staircases, erected elegant turrets, projecting beyond the face of the building. This innovation had been commenced in the previous century, but the turrets preserved something of the fortress. When ultimately the lordly population of the châteaux moved into the towns, they brought with them their architectural baggage, and their first dwellings offered something agreeable to the eye in the outline of the turrets, with pointed roofs breaking the uniformity of the sky-line. These turrets were then for some time the distinctive mark of the nobles dwelling in the towns, but soon, as a matter of course, this feature was adopted in public monuments, and in the dwellings of the citizens. The position of the turrets varies, but is ordinarily at the angles of the building. In private dwellings the turrets are of two sorts: those which commence from the ground enclose usually a staircase:—we see some beautiful examples of it at the Hôtel de Cluny, and from the Hôtel de la Tremouille. When this house was demolished, the staircase was taken to the court of the *École des Beaux Arts*. The other class of turrets, which are suspended, serve usually for habitation. —*The Builder*.

**THE ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE REPEAL OF "TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE"** invites the representatives of the London Press to meet a Committee of the Association at Peel's Coffee-house on Monday next, at twelve o'clock, to determine the course of action to be adopted to obtain the repeal of the paper duty, recently condemned by a resolution of the House of Commons.

MR. ALBERT SMITH closed his entertainment on Tuesday night, giving his "Mont Blanc" for the 2000th time. He stated his intentions as follows:—"As near as I can calculate, leaving Marseilles on Saturday in the *Panther*, I shall meet the *Pera* from Southampton at Malta tomorrow week, and go on in her to Alexandria, which I shall reach on the 17th. Two days is now enough for crossing the desert to Suez. I

start from that place on the 19th; and after six days of the most intense heat in the world, in the tropic of Cancer, on the Red Sea, I shall arrive at Aden on the 25th. On the 5th of August, I touch at Point de Galle, Ceylon; and I hope to land at Hong-Kong, and pass my first night in China, on the 24th. My return may almost be calculated inversely, leaving China early in October. It is impossible to fix it precisely, but I hope to be with you all again, with the Cattle Show and the Pantomimes."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

**Gataker on Lots.**—We have several answers to our Bayswater Correspondent. MR. EDWARD SCARLELL says, "Thomas Gataker was one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1642. He edited the *Meditations of M. Aurelius*, contributed notes on *Isaiah* and *Jeremiah* to the *Annotations on the Bible* published by the Assembly of Divines, and was the author of *De Novi Testamenti (qz. Testamenti) Stylo Dissertatio*, and of other critical tracts, which were printed in 2 vols. folio at Utrecht in 1698, about forty years after his death."—MR. LANGBRIDGE, bookseller, Birmingham, says, "I have a folio volume of *Sermons* preached by him at Rotherhithe and other places. I would also add for your correspondent's information, that I formerly had an *Exposition of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians* by Gataker, and that there are several other works by him, which I believe will be found at the British Museum."—A third Correspondent refers the inquirer to "see Watts' *Bibliotheca Britannica*, vol. 1, also *Catalogus Bibliothecae Bodleianae*, vol. 2."

**Soldiers in Uniform.**—A friend writes:—"The question whether soldiers in uniform would be admitted to the gallery of the House of Commons was actually raised some sessions ago, upon occasion of a doorkeeper taking fright at the scarlet, and refusing to honour a Member's order of admission. The absurdity of the objection was remarked upon, and the Speaker, Mr. Lefevre, gave orders to the janitor to be less fastidious."

**Dr. Maginn.**—"I have," writes V. J., "the edition you so properly characterise as badly got up. It is wretched in form and type, and I have some notion that it was thrown together to serve some of the happy acquaintance to whom the Doctor was far too kind, and who lived upon him whenever he could supply their rapacity. A well edited collection of his works would be very acceptable, I should think. Why should not the learned Frout undertake the office?"

**Verses Beginning "Breaking, breaking."**—H. E. WHEELER says, "I am exceedingly glad that you will allow Correspondents, who desire information, to place their queries where they will have the advantage of perusal by the whole body of your readers, thereby infinitely multiplying the chance of the solution of a difficulty. Will you permit me to ask whether any of your correspondents can tell me anything of a poem, or whatever it may be, beginning

"Breaking, breaking, day is breaking,  
And I have not slumbered yet,"

and in which each verse, I think there were four or more, begins with the word 'breaking,' but in a different signification—as, 'hearts are breaking,' 'spears are breaking,' &c. I heard it many years ago under circumstances which make me wish to obtain the verses as a memorial of one who is dead and gone."

**Improvements in London.**—B. C.'s letter on the desirability of preserving a record of the improvements in London has met with the approbation of several correspondents. One of them goes very direct to the mark (*ALICE*), who proposes that these papers should contain the record in question, but we can hardly promise that. It would be in its place in a column of our excellent contemporary, *The Builder*. O. E. W. has a plan on the subject, but has explained it so elaborately that we can neither find room for his letter, nor so accurately understand his letter as to summarise it; perhaps he will collect himself a little, and give us the benefit of the collection. AN ARCHITECT says that he has long kept memoranda for the purpose of compiling a memoir of modern London, but has hesitated over the form it should assume, until he has almost abandoned the idea. This seems a pity, judging by the interest B. C.'s proposition has excited.

**Dr. Wood's Algebra.**—It will suffice to acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet by Mr. Lund, in which that gentleman, as editor of the work of the late Dr. Wood on Algebra, charges Mr. Todhunter, the author of an *Algebra for the Use of Colleges and Schools*, with large plagiarism from Dr. Wood. The evidence adduced would appear to make out a very strong case, unless the two algebraists resorted to some common *fonds et origo*.

**William Dobson.**—"This painter," says "a Student," "was called the English Titian, by Charles the First. I read that he was a gentleman of St. Albans, but his family having fallen into decay, he was made apprentice to a painter and dealer in pictures, called Sir Robert Peake. Vandyke dug Dobson from obscurity, and recommended him to the king. The painter was a man of pleasure and got into debt and prison, and died young. Can you tell me where to look for any of the works of a man whom King Charles, who was more to be trusted about pictures than about men, saw fit to praise so highly?"

*The Order of St. John.*—"A Knight" is good enough to send us the following extract from the report read at the last Chapter. It will serve to show the progress of the revival. "Within the period which has elapsed since the last Chapter General of the Langue, reports from the continent show that, under the Lieutenant-Masterhips of the Grand Baili Candida and Count Colloredo, very important progress has been made in re-organizing the Order in Southern and Eastern Europe. In Austria and the Lombardo-Venetian States the Sovereign Fraternity again embraces a numerous and splendid corps. The vacant Grand Priorships of Italy and Castile have recently been filled by the Baili Ferret, a nephew of the Pope, and by H.R.H. the Prince of Asturias. Steps are now being taken by the Supreme Council of the Italian Langue to re-establish the ancient Hospital at Jerusalem for the use and benefit of sick Pilgrims visiting the holy places which were the original shrines of the Order. With this view the Baron Von Schröder has already made one trip to Jerusalem to examine the locality and report upon the feasibility of the plan. The Patriarch approves highly of it, and the Latin Christians are unanimous in its favour. Further, the Emperor of the French is said to countenance the project, and in gratitude the Priory at Rome has decorated the Empress Eugénie with the Grand Cross. The Roll of the three venerable Langues in that country, between the years 1804 and 1843, embraced 6 Princes, 4 Dukes, 22 Marquises, 71 Counts, 12 Viscounts, 10 Barons, and 156 Nobles; and since the latter date the names of numerous other persons of distinction have been added to it."

*Proposal for a Poets' Corner.*—A young bard (signing himself Plume d'Or) makes such an earnest and pathetic appeal that we can hardly resist printing it, though we certainly do not see our way to comply with his suggestions. "I appeal to you on behalf of Poetry! Give her a corner in the New Series of the Literary Gazette. Degrade the muse as you will, she retains her feminine character, whose nature adorns all positions and degrees. Tell her to be silent, but she will speak; the wit, the wisdom, the tenderness, the aspirations of a nation's heart, are no way better expressed. Pythec, 'we have not space,' say the Journals; and the Poet is accordingly shrouded out of his corner to give place, to us rapid, as commonplace paragraph, as can possibly be the lines of the last and worst of poetasters. Let, then, the management a moment pause, [Is this a tragic line?] and consider if they cannot bestow a column, only one, upon the works of living writers, inserting selections and contributions, so that at the end of the year your subscribers may possess the 'Beauties of the Poets,' as vouched and stamped by a critical Journal. If the task of choosing matter be arduous, do you therefore shrink from it? In this department, honest, equitable literary judgment would do real service to your subscribers."

*Play-Grounds for the Public.*—The writer of the following letter pleads with us for its insertion, on the ground that he is engaged in writing a book (though only a law-book), and therefore has a right to demand the good offices of a literary journal. The plea savours of his craft, but there is sense in his statement. He says, "You may have observed that a clamour is being got up for throwing Lincoln's Inn Fields open to the public as a play-ground for all the ragamuffins about Clare Market. If those in authority are wise they will do nothing of the kind. I have taken quiet rooms in the Temple, and they would be very comfortable (though very dear), if I were not poisoned by the Thames, which can't be helped, and if every evening during the summer the authorities did not let in two or three thousand people, chiefly children, who for three hours keep up the most intolerable noises, rendering it utterly impossible for me to work. It is all very well for the Benchers to do kind things at my expense, but I took the place on a tacit bargain for quiet enjoyment, and it is rendered of no use to me, in the evening, by the Benchers' philanthropy. If I don't pay my rent, will they accept as an excuse that I relieved a poor person with the money? One can't grudge the poor children their happiness in my garden, but I think play-grounds ought to be provided otherwise than by involuntary contributions." [Our correspondent has a case, but if two thousand children get air and health in the Temple Gardens, a few malcontents must be content to suffer. It is only for two months, and at an hour when civilized Templars are gone to dinner.]

*Statue of Napoleon.*—"Avidus" says "You all have noticed that the Austrians cannot any longer bear the presence in Milan of the statue of Napoleon, executed by Canova, as it reminds them of a dead man whom they hated, and of a living man whom perhaps they may one day have almost as much reason to hate. So the Emperor of Austria proposes to present the statue to the Emperor of the French. The intimation of this wish has caused an awkwardness to arise, and perhaps there may be an European difficulty in consequence. Now, is it not our sacred duty as friends of both parties to prevent this? Suppose the Austrians make us a present of the statue. We want a fine work by Canova, and we can quite afford to behold a representation of Napoleon, not being troubled with any of the sensations which an Austrian must necessarily feel at the sight of his conqueror. I wish this could be suggested to the crowned heads. The Emperor of the French ought not to grudge us the statue, seeing that we gave up the Emperor's body and sold his burial place to France."

*Will the Fallen Angels be saved?*—S. L. K. (Swansea) writes: "I have heard that the opinion of St. Origen was in favour of the ultimate salvation of all mankind, and that he extended his charitable views as far as the angels who had sinned, and also to the mortals who

have been or may be damned. I have no means of referring to the writings of this authority, but I should take it as a great kindness if you would afford me some information on the subject."

*Roubilliac.*—The mention of a statue of Roubilliac having just been made a present by a nobleman, reminds Mr. Edward Westall 'of a story about that sculptor. He is said to have 'sold' Goldsmith in a remarkable manner. The vanity of Goldsmith led him to boast that he was an accomplished musician, whereas he played the flute by ear only. One day Roubilliac, who suspected this, professed himself so delighted with something Goldsmith had played that he wished to write it down. Goldsmith was delighted, and paper was sent for and regularly scored, when the poet played and the sculptor scribbled. But the latter, pretending to be serious, wrote mere random notes, which had nothing to do with the air. When they had done, Goldsmith looked gravely over the paper, and declared that it was very correct."

*Parody on Gray.*—An Architect says: "Who wrote a parody on the Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, which parody I remember often hearing my master recite when I was serving my time? It was 'On a distant view of Dulwich College.' I recollect the whole of two verses only, and I should like to find what appeared to me at the time a most brilliant satire.

"Say, Master Allen, hast thou seen  
The connoisseur's race  
Breathless, amazed, on Dulwich green  
My lines of beauty trace;  
Who foremost now delights to stop  
To look at 'God's Gift' picture shop,  
Is it Nash, or Smirke, or Gwilt?  
Do not the knowing loungers cry  
'My eye!' at my Sacrophagi,  
And guess by whom 'Was built?'"

"Dare some on critic business bent  
Their murmuring labours ply,  
To work ill-humour and restraint  
On one so great as I?  
Will wandering students e'er disdain  
The limits of my boundless reign,  
And taste beyond the Bank desert?  
Let them look here, before, behind,  
And if the whelps are not purblind,  
They'll land me to the sky."

*Eustace Gerard.*—Yes; but admission is not procured by payment, but by invitation from the managers.

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